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THE INTERREGNUM IN ITALY.

THE noble self-abnegation of GARIBALDI is conspicuously illustrated by the superficial inconsistencies of his recent conduct. If there had been any theatrical element of affectation in his heroism, he would have shrouded his intentions and impulses in imposing mystery. His hostility to CAVOUR would have been expressed in secret remonstrances and intrigues, or it would have interfered with his loyal devotion to the KING and to the cause of Italian unity. The Liberator of Italy is great enough to complete his enterprise by an act of simple duty, without troubling himself to reconcile his practical proceedings with his more ambitious aspirations. In resigning his Dictatorial office, GARIBALDI may be advantageously compared even with the least histrionic of heroes and patriots. WASHINGTON himself was consciously surrounded by universal respect and admiration when he solicited from the Congress his parting audience; but GARIBALDI has been the object of ridicule, of criticism, and of suspicion, and while he falsifies the prognostications of his adversaries, he admits to a certain extent the errors which they denounced. The same generous sincerity dictated the promise of proclaiming Italian unity from the Quirinal, and the actual surrender of absolute power into the hands of VICTOR EMMANUEL. The present generation has been fruitful in the production of brilliant adventurers; but the combination of romantic daring and marvellous success with chivalrous honesty and simplicity places the Italian leader immeasurably above the charlatans who have contrived to raise themselves to the head of parties or of nations. There is something almost touching in the candid ignorance which accepted BERTANI as a political guide and ALEXANDRE DUMAS as an oracle in art. The exaggerated respect which men of action sometimes entertain for the world of talk and of books naturally accounts for mistakes which scandalize competent judges. Happily, GARIBALDI combined with his credulous openness a fund of practical good sense and a perception of immediate expediency. According to his letters and proclamations, there seemed to be no issue from the complications which had arisen; but it was necessary that the interregnum should be terminated, and accordingly the simple process of annexation has been at once adopted.

Universal suffrage has, as usual, proved itself a farce. Serious political convictions rarely admit of unanimity, but in modern times it has been discovered that entire populations can be trusted to crowd together like sheep. Savoy and Nice voted themselves into servitude, and Tuscany and Romagna adopted freedom and independence with equal readiness and harmony. Naples and Sicily accept VICTOR EMMANUEL as readily as they would have passed a vote of confidence in FERDINAND or FRANCIS if they had been required, a few months ago, to certify their acquiescence in existing facts. There are undoubtedly different parties in Southern Italy, nor is it even certain that a numerical majority of inhabitants approves of the revolution which has been promoted by the enlightened classes; but prejudice, independence, and originality vanish in the presence of the ballot-box. The voters, accustomed to official pressure, probably anticipate unpleasant consequences as likely to ensue from any show of disaffection to a new and unintelligible state of things. In some provinces, the act of adhesion to the Italian Kingdom may express a genuine detestation of the BOURBON dynasty; but the mob of Naples and the mountaineers of the Abruzzi are equally disqualified from deciding on their own political destiny or on the interests of their country. If the vote were more than a fiction, a curious question might be raised as to the course which would be adopted if the decision were favourable to the dethroned Monarch. Count CAVOUR would scarcely apologize for the

misadventure of Castel-Fidardo; nor would GARIBALDI substitute the white flag for the Italian ensign on St. Elmo. The KING and the DICTATOR have in truth issued a *congé d'elire* to the popular chapter, in the just confidence that no interference with their own policy will be attempted. The best excuse for the use of a discreditable machinery is to be found in the prudence of conciliating as far as possible the support of France.

Notwithstanding the disquieting movements of French troops within the Roman frontier, it seems certain that, after many changes of purpose, the Emperor NAPOLEON will acknowledge the Italian Kingdom. In his latest manifesto, all former schemes of federation and disunion are tacitly renounced. The official apologist of the Imperial policy explains, with unwonted adherence to truth, the reasons which rendered any open resistance to the Italian movement inexpedient or dangerous. "Italy, England, and Europe" would undoubtedly have regarded intervention as a mode of establishing an obnoxious French supremacy in the Peninsula. "An organized and powerful Italy is henceforth in the interest of Europe. By consecrating it by an act of high jurisdiction, Europe would show as much prudence as justice." Nothing can be juster than the French declaration, although one half of Europe is at present assembled at Warsaw with the express purpose of protesting against the accomplished union of Italy. France herself endeavoured, as long as possible, to keep the peninsula divided, and it is highly improbable that any Congress will, for many years, ratify the acts of CAVOUR and GARIBALDI. The Kingdom of Italy will, nevertheless, not fall to the ground, for the simple reason that it is at last strong enough to stand. The greatest danger to its independence would arise from a premature attack on Austria, involving not only the probability of military disaster, but the misfortune of relying on French support, and of submitting to the conditions on which aid might be conceded. There is too much reason to fear that GARIBALDI, in closing his Italian enterprise, has pledged himself to assist the cause of insurrection in Hungary. It will be well for Italy as well as for Austria if the new Charter so far satisfies the Hungarians as to leave no opening for domestic revolution or for the interference of foreigners. Out of his own country, GARIBALDI would sink from a patriot into a cosmopolitan adventurer; and in the unforeseen contingencies of a general war, it is possible that reaction might take place in Southern Italy. The report that General TURR has sailed on a secret expedition with the Hungarian Legion can scarcely indicate any inimical design against the Austrian dominions. With Gaeta, Capua, and Messina still in the hands of the enemy, GARIBALDI would not divert some of his most trustworthy forces to a new and gratuitous enterprise.

The honest DICTATOR has selected an odd opportunity for the publication of his plan for disbanding all European armies and establishing universal peace. With one actual struggle and two prospective wars on his hands, GARIBALDI can scarcely hope to strengthen his arguments by the authority of his own example. He probably assumes that the general disarmament is to be preceded by the voluntary evacuation of Venice and of Rome. Indeed, he suggests that it is time for Austria and Turkey to come to an end, either by compulsion from without or by voluntary suicide in the interest of their subject populations. It is not clear what Governments are to be substituted in the large territories which would be left without a ruler, unless the benevolent projector seriously proposes that, to save armies and navies, Europe should be constituted into a single State. There can be no doubt of the economy and convenience which would result from the discontinuance of war and from the decrease of the costly preparation which it involves. Yet perhaps the

re-establishment of a universal Roman Empire would be too heavy a price to pay even for the abolition of all international hostilities. It is, however, useless and ungracious to criticise an amiable theorist who reasons, in the intervals of fighting, as successfully as a German metaphysician might fight after spending twelve hours a day over his profound lucubrations. If it amuses GARIBALDI to indulge in harmless speculations, he is fully entitled to a recreation which he has earned by almost unparalleled services in the field. Whenever his country requires the exercise of energy and devotion he will be ready to answer the call; but it would seem that the ordinary transaction of political business is not well suited to his individual aptitudes. Ancient dramatists found that gods were troublesome personages to deal with, except when it became necessary to untie by supernatural aid some inextricable knot in the story. In actual life it is similarly found that heroes of the type of GARIBALDI are better suited to great and beneficent revolutions than to the red tape of everyday life.

THE NEXT AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

IT seems we must now be prepared for whatever good or evil consequences may result from the election of a Republican to the Presidency of the United States. Americans always consider that the candidate who commands the votes of the great central State of Pennsylvania is sure to be nominated by the Union, and the news which has just been received, that the preliminary Pennsylvania elections are entirely in favour of the Republicans, is much more than usually important in a contest like the present. The southern counties of Pennsylvania abut on slave-holding districts. Their inhabitants are therefore familiar with the spectacle of slavery, and look on it with none of the horror and dislike which is felt by those who know it only by report. Pennsylvania, too, is peopled by Germans to a much greater extent than any other State, and it is a singular proof of the deep moral debasement which is contracted through living under the despotisms of Central Europe, that a German settler in the United States, though himself wildly anarchical in his views, can always be enlisted on behalf of any form of oppression which shields itself under the name of democracy. When, therefore, Pennsylvania votes for Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it may be assumed that the difficult undertaking of rallying the whole of the Northern States to one candidate is no longer hopeless. The unexpected defection of one or more of the smaller States may still throw the election into the House of Representatives, but, on the whole, it is likely that in a week or two we shall hear that the coalitions which have been got up on the eve of the struggle have failed to counterbalance the great advantage obtained through the disruption of the Democratic party, and that Mr. LINCOLN has been returned by the vote of the entire North.

The new President does not enter on his duties till the commencement of next year, and even then it will be long before he enjoys substantial power. His installation implies no immediate change in the legislative bodies. The Senate will be bitterly hostile to him by a large majority, and the House of Representatives, though opposed to President BUCHANAN, will not be very friendly to Mr. LINCOLN. Inasmuch, however, as the election of Mr. LINCOLN, if it really takes place, will have proved that the people of the United States have, for the moment, committed themselves to Republican opinions, the efforts of the Republican Administration will doubtless be directed to keeping the country in its present frame of mind until the regular course of American institutions has brought first the Lower House of Congress, and then the Upper, into harmony with the popular disposition. This can only be done by a popular exercise of such executive authority as the new PRESIDENT will possess, and it is useless to deny that here emerges the dangerous aspect of the change of government. The Republicans are entirely new men. Consisting of large contingents from both the Democratic and the old Whig parties, they have absorbed multitudes of the rank and file, but have attracted few of the leaders. The experienced politicians and trained statesmen of the Democrats are either with Mr. DOUGLASS or with Mr. BRECKENRIDGE; those of the Whigs follow Mr. BELL. It is with new tools that Mr. LINCOLN, himself an untried man, will have to do his work. It is true that the Republicans have loudly proclaimed that they intend to inaugurate the reign of public virtue; but the question is, what their notion of

public virtue may be. Many of them have asserted that the person of most mark among them, Mr. SEWARD, is excluded from the Presidency by his very virtues; and yet Mr. SEWARD strikes the foreign observer as one of the most unprincipled politicians who ever tried to gratify an interested ambition. In his appeals to all the vulgar prejudices of Americans, in pandering to their greed of territory, in abuse of this country, and in deference to the malignant hatreds of the Irish immigrants, he has outdone all his contemporaries; and, as we have just seen, he is not above trying to reconcile his countrymen of the North to the threatened secession of the South by the silly promise that they will soon have the British dependencies. Yet this very Mr. SEWARD will almost certainly have the refusal of the Secretaryship of State—in other words, the Foreign Secretaryship—in Mr. LINCOLN's Government. From such an Administration, openly conducted on the principle of keeping the American masses in good humour with the Republicans, foreign countries can expect nothing but ill-will and annoyance. The series of petty insults and small wrongs by which President PIERCE disgraced himself, and from which Mr. BUCHANAN has wisely and honourably abstained, will probably recommence as soon as Mr. LINCOLN is in power; and the peace of the world will be in danger of disturbance, not through any desire of the European Powers to engage in a contest with the United States, but from the difficulty of submitting without loss of honour to outrages which one would be glad to treat with simple contempt.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that the American Senate is likely to be in conflict with Mr. LINCOLN during the greater part of his Presidency. The Senate shares the executive powers of the President to a very considerable extent, and exercises a special control over his foreign administration. He cannot make war or treaties, nor can he appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary, without the assent of the Senate. Of late years, this checking power, though every now and then beneficially exerted, as in the case of Mr. BUCHANAN's Mexican treaty which the Senate rejected, has been far less efficiently used than the Constitution intended. The long popularity of the Democratic party in the Union has had the effect of producing a series of Presidents whose opinions were in harmony with those of the majority of the Senators, and the ordinary tendency of the Senate was rather to help the President out of scrapes than to control his policy. But if Mr. LINCOLN succeeds to office, the PRESIDENT will represent the party to which the majority of the Senate is violently opposed, and we may confidently calculate on its watchfulness being sharpened by its dislike. No measure of irrational hostility to Great Britain, originating with Mr. LINCOLN's Government, will be suffered to go to extreme lengths so long as the composition of the Senate remains as at present; nor is there any prospect of this composition being very rapidly altered, since the tenure of the senatorial seats is long, and comparatively unaffected by changes of opinion among the numerical majority of American citizens.

The Northern newspapers assure us, with wonderful unanimity, that the election of Mr. LINCOLN will not entail the disruption of the Union. It is always safest to prophesy of any considerable event that it will not take place, and therefore we will assume that these comforting assurances may be relied on. The disruption of the Democrats will have unquestionably much broken the shock likely to be given to Southern feeling by the nomination of a Republican; for most of the Southerners entertain such bitter hatred of Mr. DOUGLASS, the seceding Democrat, that they seem at present to regard the prospect of having a Republican President almost with complacency. But the degree in which Mr. LINCOLN's Government will be embroiled with the South depends very much on its own self-command and discretion. An incoming President is expected by his party to displace all the functionaries on the other side whom he has the power of removing, and it is a maxim of modern American politics that it is cowardice in the Chief Magistrate to let himself be served by officers whose principles compel them to thwart his policy. But the application of this rule to the Southern States by Mr. LINCOLN will be difficult indeed. No Southerner who desires to keep a whole skin will consent to take a Postmastership or Tidewaitership from the Republican PRESIDENT; and yet it is difficult to believe that American partisanship will tolerate the abandonment of the "spoils of war" to placemen who are probably subscribing a percentage on their salaries for the subversion of the dominant principles. Mr. LINCOLN

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has a fair opportunity of displaying the superior virtue of which his party boasts by breaking through the scandalous rule of displacement which General JACKSON founded, and which, more than any other cause, has helped to deprave American political morality. But in that case the new principle must not be confined to the Southern States.

THE AUSTRIAN CHARTER.

THE new Austrian Charter appears to be liberal, well-considered, and prudently bold. It is for the Hungarians to decide whether the Imperial Court has acknowledged its defeat in time. Three obnoxious members of the Ministry are dismissed, including Count THUN, the notorious author of the Concordat; and, in the midst of more pressing troubles, the POPE will probably have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his latest victory snatched from his hands through the practical abrogation of his cherished compact with Austria. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, though he formerly deserved Dr. CULLEN's characteristic eulogies, has discovered that his Catholic subjects have no desire to exchange their own liberties for the pleasure of persecuting Protestants. The Council of the Empire, the Diets of the Provinces, and the Hungarian Parliament, will assuredly abolish all regulations which have been devised for the purpose of making clergy or laity the slaves of Rome. The suppression of the Ministry of Religion will have already removed a principal cause of discontent.

The new Charter, or fundamental law, is favourably distinguished from modern paper constitutions. Based in a great measure on historical rights, it dispenses with the show of simplicity and uniformity which has so often tended in practice to despotic centralization. The peoples and races which have been casually brought together under the House of HAPSBURG have no desire of forming, like the Italians, one united nation. The general representation which was proposed by the minority of the Council of the Empire may possibly be established when existing jealousies and differences have been smoothed over by time; but at present an Imperial Assembly elected directly by the people, even if it had been approved in Bohemia or in the Tyrol, would inevitably have found itself in collision with the Hungarian Parliament. The Council which has lately prepared the way for the new Charter may perhaps gradually develop itself into an Imperial Legislature. Freedom of speech, accompanied by publicity of debate, furnishes the best security for the independence of any deliberative assembly. The Reichsrath, although many of its members are directly nominated by the Crown, is incomparably more respectable and powerful than the sham Legislature which is supposed to represent universal suffrage in France. The Council, including a majority of representatives elected by the Provincial Diets, will from this time forward control all loans, all sales and mortgages of public property, posts, railways, and telegraphs, and, above all, those matters of coinage and currency which have been so ruinously mismanaged by the Austrian Executive. General questions affecting the non-Hungarian provinces will be referred to Committees of Council representing the different localities, while affairs which are strictly provincial will be left to the management of the Diets.

The restoration of the Hungarian Constitution is the most important article of the Charter. The Parliament is to be revived, the Magyar language is to be used in its debates, and the suspended University of Pesth is to be reopened. The EMPEROR, who has always been regarded by zealous Hungarians as a lawless usurper, undertakes to cure the defect in his title by a formal coronation, at which he will, like his ancestors, swear to preserve the ancient Constitution. It will be well for the peace of Europe if the nobles and people of Hungary are satisfied with the tardy concession of their rights. Many malcontents will be ready to insinuate that the Imperial concessions are fraudulent, and it is evident that they are only extorted by necessity; but the Hungarians are not helpless Neapolitans to dread the vengeance of a reactionary tyrant, and the institutions which are now offered may be so administered as to furnish their own sufficient guarantee. The nation which, in the absence of all its franchises, has reduced the central Government to submission, may safely rely on its chiefs and representatives to guard its re-established liberties from future encroachment. The present EMPEROR has been the enemy and persecutor of Hungary, and for ten or eleven years he has done his utmost to establish a vulgar level of servitude among all races of his subjects; but the

Charter involves a distinct admission that the experiment has utterly failed, though it was tried under the most advantageous circumstances. Free communities ought to know how to suppress personal resentments when the public interests require some display of confidence in return for advantageous concessions. It is not impossible that, after the harsh and pedantic blunders of his youth, the Emperor of AUSTRIA may, through the teaching of experience, learn to throw aside the bigoted and tyrannical prejudices of his education. Hungary is strong enough to rely on herself, and therefore to believe in Imperial good faith; and the dangerous alternative of civil war may at least be kept in reserve. Although the Kingdom outweighs in power and importance all the remaining provinces of the Empire, it would only become, if its independence were achieved, a State of the second rank; and the periodical encroachments of Austrian centralization would be ill exchanged for the formidable patronage of Russia, especially as it is doubtful whether the dependent Slavonic provinces would permanently acknowledge the supremacy of an independent Magyar Government. The elements of civil dissension, which proved fatal to the national cause in 1849, still exist as at the time when KOSSUTH alienated the gentry and the army. The acceptance of the Constitution will substitute party conflicts for armed secessions; and, if the Imperial Government still retains obnoxious prerogatives, the Parliament will enjoy opportunities of extending the liberties which it will represent and protect.

There is undoubtedly reason to believe that the revived loyalty of the Austrian provinces is expected to furnish new facilities for a war in Italy; but Councils and Parliaments are less warlike and impulsive than absolute kings and their courtiers. The Council of the Empire will scarcely be disposed to commence its reforms by an increase of the debt, or to acquiesce in the old-fashioned Austrian device of depreciating the currency. The Hungarians, notwithstanding their military propensities, must be conscious that the restoration of their rights is mainly owing to the successes of GARIBALDI and to the establishment of the Italian kingdom. The EMPEROR himself ought to be aware that foreign wars add materially to the danger of great constitutional changes. English experience proves that important domestic measures are only practicable in time of peace; and in Austria, an interference in favour of the POPE would be necessarily associated with fears of the hated Concordat.

One consequence of the Austrian Charter is independent of uncertain and speculative contingencies. The absolutist reaction which seemed a few years ago universally triumphant on the Continent has broken down through its own inherent weakness. Recreant Englishmen who still worship the star of LOUIS NAPOLEON must at least disclaim their former expressions of admiration for the policy of SCHWARZENBERG. The formal retraction of Austria proves that despotism derived its sole strength from the democratic follies of 1848. In Italy, and in all the vast territories of the House of HAPSBURG, representative institutions are restored through an irresistible necessity in spite of demagogues and of tyrants. Within ten years after the general suppression of liberty, Russia and France are left as the only despotisms in Europe. When the French armies next cross their frontier they will do well to assume the championship of religion, of order, and generally of that great principle which amounts to a negation of political freedom. The liberties of Europe will probably long remain incomplete, but in theory the right of every nation to manage its own affairs is acknowledged in every Court except at Paris and St. Petersburg. In Austria, the doctrine of central despotism has been subjected to the most decisive test, and the failure of the experiment may serve as a warning to selfish potentates and to servile populations.

MISSIONARY SUCCESSES IN THE EAST.

SOME extremely interesting information has recently been received from the agents of several missionary bodies in India, reporting successes in conversion on a more than respectable scale. These successes are of a peculiar kind. They have taken place, not among those classes of the native population which have hitherto engrossed the largest share of the missionary's attention, but among certain of the wild tribes, the supposed descendants of the aboriginal race which peopled the Peninsula before the Hindoo immigration. The fact that these savages have recently been Christianized almost by wholesale has very

considerable importance. It has long been a theory with many persons who have a thorough knowledge of India, that the feeble impression made by Christianity on the native mind is attributable to a mistake of the Christian teachers in beginning their attempts in the wrong quarter. These critics have suggested that if missionary efforts were mainly directed to the low castes and wild tribes, there might be almost no limit to the progress of proselytism. Neither Christianity, they urge, nor any other faith has ever been propagated by converting the highest sacerdotal and intellectual representatives of the superstition which was to be dethroned. The proper way is to attack the neglected classes, and then the leaders of the old belief may be left to come over at their own time. But this advice has been mostly treated by the missionary bodies as the suggestion of insidious hostility, and, though they cannot be charged with altogether neglecting the despised and rejected of the Hindoo religious system, the pride of their emissaries has always been to announce the conversion of a Brahmin at least once in a twelvemonth.

There are few more curious illustrations of the weakness of human nature than the influence of the caste-system on Europeans in India. It affects men of all shades of opinion, and of all degrees of intellectual strength. The old Civil Servant has long been accused of believing in the hierarchy of native blood; and everybody knows the length to which similar prepossessions were carried by the officers of the former Bengal army. But in order to have a belief in caste, it is by no means necessary to have made a special study of India and the Hindoos. The most truculent shopkeeper or planter, amid his revilings of the "niggers," is nevertheless insensibly persuaded that caste makes one nigger superior to another. The prejudice from the very first extended to the missionaries. Ever since the diary rendered famous by SYDNEY SMITH, which recorded day by day the progress of a Brahmin in religious knowledge, and ended with the entry, "This morning the Brahmin decamped," there has always been a decided preference for Brahmin and high-caste conversions. That the preference is to a great extent unconscious must be freely admitted. The missionaries often boast that in their schools high-caste and low-caste stand side by side; but it is nevertheless easy to see, from their reports to the parent societies, how great a difference the status of the convert makes in the dignity of the conversion. It happens, moreover, that the pupils who surround the missionary teacher are generally Brahmins in great majority. The reason of this is, that, as the Brahmin is confined to a comparatively small number of avocations in life, most of them requiring some degree of intellectual cultivation, the value of education is very much more recognised among the members of this caste than in any other. As most of them are wretchedly poor, they will flock to the missionary school or to any other school at which they can obtain education for nothing. From a religious point of view, however, they are the most unpromising of scholars. The Director of Public Instruction at Bombay, in some recent reports, has told us pretty plainly what goes on at the missionary schools. The pupils will read any number of chapters in the Bible and hear in silence any amount of exhortation to Christianity, nor is the school perceptibly thinned by the attempted proselytism. But let an actual conversion once take place, and it empties instantly. Meantime, the school is really an engine, and a comparatively impotent one, for the Christianization of Brahmins. Here and there, it is true, a pupil of lower caste mingles with the Brahmin scholars. But the low castes, it must be recollected, care little or nothing for education. A public school, however good and cheap the instruction given, is no attraction to them. If they are to be converted, they must be dealt with by some special machinery, specially adapted to their miserable circumstances and low intellectual condition.

The great truth to be borne in mind is, that there exist large bodies of men in India, making up together a minority respectable numerically, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by conversion to Christianity. The utmost penalty with which the Hindoo doctors menace a renegade from the higher castes is degradation to the level of one of these outcasts. Why should the missionaries so obstinately continue to wage their struggle with Hindooism under the most unfavourable conditions? The Brahmins are an aristocracy, but an aristocracy of birth only—not one of position or wealth. When they are asked to become Christians, they are, in fact, asked to strip themselves voluntarily of the one distinction which lifts them above the rest of

mankind, and reconciles them to the manifold disadvantages of fortune under which they labour. Added to this, their minds, even before they have reached physical maturity, have undergone everything which can most unfit them to be the recipients of new religious truth. Their intellect has been saturated with dogma and emasculated by perverse philosophy, their imagination has been distorted by monstrous legends, and their morality has been sapped by spiritual pride. These difficulties do not embarrass the teacher who digs into the lowest strata of the native population. The lowest castes have nothing to unlearn and nothing to lose; and these advantages more than counterbalance the special impediments which stand in the way of their conversion. Certainly they are immensely the inferiors of the Brahmin, physically and intellectually. Great efforts would have to be made before they could be brought to understand the nature of the boon proffered to them, and doubtless a system almost wholly new would have to be devised for their mental and moral, as well as for their religious elevation. But the field is one from which some sort of crop may almost certainly be raised, while the soil hitherto tilled is one apparently exhausted by pernicious cultivation. There is, moreover, one great precedent for the experiment in the past history of Brahminical India. Once before we know that India was converted to a faith which was not that of the Brahmins, and we have no scanty evidence of the way in which the conversion was effected. Buddhism, like every religious system which has spread widely or endured long, began with the poor and oppressed. It is ascertained that its earliest teachers addressed themselves to those classes which had nothing to hope for from the existing system, and no reason to love it; and when these were gained over, the Brahminical superstition and the institution of caste disappeared together. It is difficult to understand why so memorable an example is laid so little to heart by the missionaries.

We are aware that the parent societies will assert that in fact they do not neglect the low castes and outcasts. In form, it is true that they do not; but we have shown that their system is one which, by its natural operation, brings the missionary in contact with the higher castes, and not with the lower. They will tell us that they scrupulously refrain from making any distinction; but the truth is, it is absolutely necessary to make distinctions, only these distinctions should be in favour of the classes which excite in the Brahmin unutterable loathing or unmitigated contempt. Surely the attempt to win over the aristocracy has now been made long enough, and with sufficient poverty of results to excuse the missionary to his own conscience if, to a certain extent, and for a time, he deserts the old field for a new one. If the recent accounts are to be trusted, the wild tribes are likely to come over to Christianity one after another; and here the one advantage of the missionary has arisen from his addressing himself to men who, however rude and savage, were unsophisticated by Hindooism. It remains to be seen whether any similar result can be obtained by labouring in the depths of Hindoo society, among men almost as degraded and as much excluded from the benefits of Hindooism as Santhals and Khonds.

THE OXFORD ELECTIONS.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, academical elections would be matters of slight interest to the public; but at present an exceptional importance attaches to the effort which Oxford and Cambridge are making, under the free institutions partially restored to them by Mr. GLADSTONE, to resume the great national position which they held in former times. Though the even tenor of political and social development in England is happily not disturbed by such convulsions as are hurling down thrones on the Continent, it is idle to doubt that everywhere the ancient objects of human reverence are beginning to be touched with decay. A partial interregnum may everywhere ensue in the allegiance of society, during which great intellectual institutions may be called on to play an unusually important part. It may be their task and their glory to wrestle with the barbarism of a commercial and industrial era as they once wrestled with the barbarism of the feudal system. Great destinies may await them for some time to come, unless—

Frigidus obstitit circum præcordia sanguis—

unless the lethargy which attends on their great endowments can be broken through, and they can manage, within any rea-

sonable period of time, to infuse vigour into their government, by putting the brain into the head and restoring to the stomach those organs of which the stomach is the natural abode.

The elections which have just taken place at Oxford show a tendency upwards. The new Council will, on the whole, be an improvement on the old, both in capacity and liberality. We note with considerable pleasure the entrance into the academical government of a really eminent literary man, in the person of Dr. STANLEY. To tell the truth, the intellectual eminence of Oxford has too long been more honoured abroad than at home. At home, its place in opinion has been usurped by large sinecure incomes and an academical squirearchy parading in scarlet to the sound of the jubilant organ in the University church. The academical mind is also liable to a superstitious reverence for what are called in Colleges "good men of business"—that is, men who, by managing College finance, have learned to do well what a good secretary would do still better, but who are generally altogether devoid of practical capacity of a high kind. The Oxford Council have to legislate for great literary interests, with which a very good bursar may be wholly incompetent to deal. It is to be regretted that the lay studies and the lay professions should still be unrepresented in a Council which has not to provide for theology and the clerical profession alone. This, as well as some other evils, is partly to be attributed to Sir W. HEATHCOTE's amendment on the Oxford University Act, foisting all the parish clergy of Oxford into the Congregation of the University—an unwise move, even in a party sense; for the natural result of such artificial devices for giving influence to a particular body is to bring that body into odium, which will not fail to be the case in the present instance. The "Minorities Clause," on the other hand, justifies, by its action in the Oxford constituency, the horror entertained of it by Mr. BRIGHT as an obstacle to the unbounded domination of majorities. Through the operation of this clause, the representatives of the ecclesiastical minority in Oxford come into the Council by the side of the leaders of the majority. Dr. STANLEY, indeed, through his personal popularity, polled exactly the same number of votes as Dr. PUSEY—a curious occurrence, not only in academical but in ecclesiastical history.

There can be no doubt that, so far, free institutions and open councils have worked as well at Oxford as elsewhere. The academical assembly has not been disgraced by any of those portentous scenes of folly which were predicted by speculative men, always hyperbolically practical in paper discussions. The more garrulous and maundering orators of the House of Commons might perhaps take a lesson from Oxford debates. The unity of the University, and with its unity its practical vigour, has been greatly restored by the meetings of all the Colleges in Congregation to discuss matters of common interest, and able men begin to exercise over the University at large the influence which before was too much confined to a single Common Room. If legislation seems to move somewhat heavily, and the number of rejected statutes has been rather considerable, it is partly because some very ill-considered measures have of late been submitted to the House, and partly because the forms of legislation are so preposterous that it is almost mechanically impossible for any complicated measure to pass. Statutes are thrown upon the table by the Council with no one to explain them to the House or take charge of them in debate. There is no going into committee or separate discussion of details—a want which, in the case of an intricate Examination Statute, for instance, is almost inevitably fatal to success. No opportunity is afforded of moving for information or asking for explanations of any kind. It will scarcely be credited by those who are accustomed to see every parish vestry discuss and decide its own concerns, that one of the first corporations in the land, in order to suppress its folly and garrulity, is allowed liberty of speech only on the day of bringing in a measure, not on the day of voting—a contrivance which, to say nothing of the ignominy, seems designed to secure that measures shall be discussed by one set of people and voted on by another. If the governing body of Oxford wish legislation to go on well, they must adopt the forms and concede the facilities which experience has shown to be necessary to its good conduct elsewhere. People cannot make bricks without straw, or discuss details without going into Committee. As to the elections which were to "tear the University in pieces," they are conducted with perfect tran-

quillity and good humour. The loftiest "Don" can scarcely enjoy the satisfaction of complaining that the turmoil of electioneering disturbs his dignified repose. The gentle stimulus of a little competition for public esteem is introduced into regions previously almost too serene. In the recent polling the University has, by a consent of all parties, awarded the palm of activity and usefulness among the Heads of Colleges whose names were before the electors, and awarded it with perfect justice.

The retention of a portion of the old restrictions on self-government, indeed, is a far more doubtful benefit than the concession of the new liberties. Why should any part of LAUD's pedantic and obsolete machinery be preserved in the constitution of the University? Why should gags and fetters be retained which were intended for the period of struggle between the Puritans and their antagonists, and adapted to the general régime of the STUARTS? Why should not all the ordinary powers of legislation, initiative as well as deliberative, be vested in Congregation? Why should not every member of that, as of other assemblies, be at liberty to bring before the House anything he pleases, either by way of motion or amendment? Why should not the University, in short, manage its own affairs in open council—appointing, of course, a strong executive and such delegacies as may be necessary for special subjects of administration? Why should the Proctors, nominated as they are merely to manage University police, and without any guarantee for their general qualifications, be allowed a veto on all University legislation? Why should not Oxford, like other corporations, have really, as well as nominally, an elective head, instead of being ruled by a Vice-Chancellor imposed on her from without, selected from an exclusive order, and virtually by rotation, and on whose appointment the University has lost even the poor check of a veto, while there is no sort of guarantee for his fitness, except his previous election to the headship of, it may be, a very undistinguished College? LAUD's academical system was one of repression, and it did its work by casting the University into a stupor of two centuries. The partial restoration of freedom has been followed by the partial return of life. It is an encouragement to proceed with the experiment, and we trust the experiment will be proceeded with accordingly at such a pace as academical discretion and gravity may require.

PRUSSIA AND DENMARK.

IT is not easy for Englishmen at the present moment to turn their attention to Schleswig and Holstein, but it is probably true that at Warsaw Prussia will require from Austria strong assurances of support or neutrality in a struggle which excites profound interest in Germany. It is by no means improbable that the mysterious agreement which lately existed between France and Russia may have referred, like a famous article in the Treaty of Tilsit, to the inclusion of Denmark in a league of aggression. It is at least certain that the maintenance of Danish pretensions has always been regarded at Paris as a contingent pretext for encroachments on the rights of Northern Germany; and the Regent of PRUSSIA, if he concludes at Warsaw a defensive alliance against France, may reasonably demand from his new confederates a renunciation of all complicity in an anti-German policy. It is highly improbable that any hostile measures can be projected against Denmark; but the chief representative of German unity must necessarily hold himself out as the protector of the legal rights and federal relations of his countrymen in the Duchies. The tie which connects Holstein with the Danish Crown is purely dynastic, and the inhabitants are as fully entitled to the protection of the Diet as if they were subjects of Saxe-Coburg or Hesse-Darmstadt. The merchants of Altona, which is at the same time an important commercial town and a suburb of Hamburg, will not consent to transact business in a foreign language because the King of DENMARK happens to have inherited the ducal crown of their German province. Until the fall of the ancient Empire in 1806, the people of Schleswig and Holstein were nominally subject to the King of Germany and Emperor of the Romans, and under the Treaties of Vienna the Duchies form a part of the German Confederation in which their Sovereign has a voice and seat. The entrance of a foreign army into Holstein would be an act of war against Germany; and the Duke himself is, in his capacity of Danish King, a mere stranger among his personal subjects. The feeling of nationality of course adds to the jealousy with

which the encroachments of the local Government are regarded; but the advocates of German rights in Schleswig and Holstein, unlike the Italian claimants of Venetia, have the advantage of appealing to treaties and fundamental statutes as well as to the general sympathies of race and language. Prussia is not only the Piedmont of Germany, but the lawful protector of all the national franchises. The present REGENT has no desire to dethrone the minor Princes of the Confederation, nor is he likely to dispute the title of the reigning family of Holstein; but the rightful influence of Prussia would be seriously compromised by undue deference to the dictation of any foreign Power. It is still more necessary to terminate finally the baneful interference of Austria in favour of dynastic usurpations and against constitutional rights.

In 1849, the Duchies maintained a gallant struggle against the superior force of Denmark. It is acknowledged that the Danish race is one of the most vigorous in Europe, and yet the army of Schleswig-Holstein carried on the war for several months on no unequal terms. The King of PRUSSIA, yielding to the universal wish of Northern Germany, undertook to vindicate the independence of the insurgent provinces; and when Prince SCHWARZENBERG, in 1850, insisted on the termination of the war, the whole force of the Prussian monarchy was called to arms amid the general enthusiasm of the population. The national feeling was grievously wounded when, on the eve of a collision, the timid and vacillating KING suddenly abandoned the position which he had undertaken to defend. The Emperor NICHOLAS, always the consistent enemy of European freedom and of German independence, had peremptorily seconded the imperious demand of Austria; and indignant Prussian patriots complained that the national armament had only provided two hundred thousand additional witnesses of Royal imbecility and cowardice. It is impossible that any friendly relations can be established at Warsaw, unless the two Imperial Governments finally renounce all hostility to the federal privileges of the Danish Duchies, and to the right by which Prussia interferes to protect German franchises. If Russia and Austria have still to learn the necessity of reversing their former policy, the REGENT may perhaps remind them that French intrigue is active in Denmark, and that Parisian pamphleteers have not unfrequently indicated the Duchies as the most assailable point of Germany. The Conservatism which protects despotic innovations against chartered rights offers a singular alternative to the dreaded popular revolution. It is unfortunate that the three Scandinavian States were not united, according to their natural affinity, into one powerful monarchy. Denmark, united with Sweden and Norway, might at the same time have dispensed with German possessions and have set Russian force and French intrigue at defiance. As a more artificial arrangement has resulted from former wars and revolutions, it is unnecessary for foreign States to concern themselves with the ordinary politics of the North. Diplomacy has already been too busy in regulating the Danish succession, and the constitutional rights of the Duchies are the proper business of Prussia or of the German Diet, and not of the Great Powers of Europe. After the wonderful regeneration of Italy, no prudent statesman can regard as improbable the future consolidation of the German commonwealth into one great central kingdom; and whenever the Saxon and Rhenish principalities are united with Prussia, Holstein, and at least some portion of Schleswig, will be claimed as German territories. If it is true that Lord JOHN RUSSELL has established a cordial understanding with Baron SCHLEINITZ, it may be assumed that the blunder of threatening to defend the Austrian possession of Venetia has not been repeated in the case of Denmark and of Holstein. A judicious negotiator would rather endeavour to reconcile Prussia to the progress of Italian independence by dwelling on the remarkable analogy between the two leading dynasties of Northern Italy and Northern Germany. The ablest Prussian politicians appreciate the advantage which the cause of national unity may derive from the precedent furnished by Piedmont.

The extraordinary events of the last twelve years have destroyed many illusions, and even Englishmen have learned that political right is not always coincident with the relations of States or of classes at any given moment. Public opinion might be further enlightened if, by some unforeseen deviation into the path of utility, the Social Science Association would institute a department of historical politics. It is too hastily assumed, because London is the capital of England, and Paris of France, that Copenhagen is entitled, as the metropolis of Denmark, to the provincial deference of

Holstein. Before the French Revolution, kingdoms were put together like private properties, by the ability and fortune of Princes who made successful wars or lucky marriages. It often happened that the nominal Sovereign enjoyed only a limited estate in his possessions, and in the German Empire the subjects of all but the greatest potentates bore a divided allegiance. At the fall of NAPOLEON the German Confederation was established for the express purpose of maintaining a national unity, and, as it were, an impersonal sovereignty. All the members of the federal body were entitled to the protection of the Diet, and the petty Princes have repeatedly since been called to account for breach of duty to their subjects. The accident by which the Duke of HOLSTEIN occupies a foreign throne can give him no claim to exemption from the control of the Germanic body. It is possible that, in some instances, his legal rights may be unjustly disputed, but it is absurd to treat a grave dispute of constitutional and international law as a revolutionary movement on the part of Holstein, or as a wanton aggression perpetrated by Prussia on behalf of Germany.

FRANCE, PRUSSIA, AND ITALY.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has at last declared, in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, what is the line of policy by which he has decided to abide in dealing with Italy; and almost at the same moment the publication of the despatch addressed by Baron SCHLEINITZ to the representative of Prussia at Turin explains the impression which VICTOR EMMANUEL has produced on the Cabinet of Berlin by his late acts of happy audacity. The style and the matter of both these documents are highly characteristic of the sources from which they proceed, and their comparative merits will easily be decided here according to the prepossessions which respectively await everything French and everything Prussian. The EMPEROR has long ago established his character for depth and darkness of purpose, and he possesses in too great perfection the French arts of vague and antithetical grandiloquence not to heighten the impression which the reserve that covers his firmness or vacillation may have produced. Everything he says is taken to mean at least twice as much as it seems to mean. On the other hand, the contempt which Englishmen feel for minor but steadfast allies is combined with a wish to show a noble independence of the Court when Prussian despatches are to be judged. It is an axiom with the kind of Englishmen represented by the *Times* that everything German must be bad, and every act of Prussia foolish. If England and Prussia agree in policy, this only shows that the English Foreign Secretary has been hoodwinked by the PRINCE CONSORT, and that the poor creatures at Berlin dare not say their souls are their own; while, if Prussia thinks and acts for herself, she is asked what on earth she means by her insolence, after getting so great a catch as the Princess Royal of ENGLAND. Impartial critics might, we think, fairly pronounce that one of these manifestoes is about as good as the other. The German is rather too cumbrous, and the French rather inflated; and both are many degrees superior to the last triumph of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's captious pedantry. But, what is of much more importance, they both come to the same thing. They indicate that France and Prussia mean to stand in the same relation to Italy. Neither will object to VICTOR EMMANUEL making his kingdom as large as he can without attacking non-Italian Powers, and both express a qualified disapproval of what he is doing. But it is with the permission to go forward that Italy is really concerned. The disapproval is not really addressed to Piedmont, but belongs to the general policy of the Powers from which it proceeds. When LOUIS NAPOLEON explains why he could not give the Piedmontese active aid, he wishes to fix his own position in France and in Europe. When Baron SCHLEINITZ blames Count CAVOUR, he wishes to fix the position of Prussia in Germany.

It is the one great aim of LOUIS NAPOLEON to stand well at once with the despotic and the revolutionary parties. He wishes to be considered the crowned representative of democracy. He plays these two parties off against each other, and leans to whichever may happen to be the stronger. In the early days of the Empire, the cause of order was uppermost, and then his notion of "equity to the people" consisted in wholesale deportations to Cayenne, in ostentatiously welcoming the unctuous adoration of the priests, and in courting the intimate alliances of his brother Sovereigns. Now, despots are at a discount, and revolution is the order of the

day. Accordingly, his equity to the people prompts him to snub the Bishops, humiliate the Pope, and congratulate Austria on establishing the free institutions for which France is not ripe. He sees clearly that his revolutionary friends will not be satisfied unless he allows Italy to unite into one great and free Kingdom. This is not what he intended; but he cannot break with the revolutionary party, and he declares that the establishment of the Italian Kingdom shall be permitted. At the same time, he never quarrels with his enemies without remembering that they may hereafter be his friends, and so he throws a sop to the champions of order. He thinks that the final settlement of Italy ought to be reserved for the decision of the Great Powers, and he explains that it is his mission to uphold the balance of power, and that to upset the balance voluntarily would be very inconsistent. This is a policy for which we cannot pretend to have any admiration. The oscillation between democracy and despotism entirely depends for its success on the completeness with which independence of thought is crushed in the nation where the process is exhibited. But it must be allowed that for the moment it serves admirably the purposes of the Italians. A prophet who is thought to be the best judge in Europe declares that the cause of Italian unity is going to win, and every one will back the winning horse. The mere fact that a powerful Italian kingdom is treated as a certainty, and recognised as an advantage by France, will have a great effect on the Sovereigns at Warsaw, for whose instruction the *Constitutionnel* primarily wrote. Nor could any proposal be more useful to Italy than that of a Congress. It gives Piedmont abundance of time to act; and when everything is finished the Congress can either be indefinitely postponed or will only meet to register an accomplished fact.

Prussia has a very different game to play. It is often said that she wants to act the part of Piedmont in Germany, and this is true; but then she wants to act it after her own fashion. The object of Piedmont is to form all Italy into one great Kingdom—the object of Prussia is to form three-fourths of Germany into a great Federation, of which she shall be the acknowledged and responsible head. It seems as if by far the shortest and easiest way of settling German affairs would be to mediatize thirty-four at least out of its thirty-six sovereign princes. And so it would be if this kind of settlement happened to suit the Germans. But it does not. They are a slow, law-loving, loyal people. They wish to combine into one great nation, but they also feel a compunction at doing away with Princes who descend from such a long line of ancestry, and they cannot think how their abolition could be arranged respectably. Prussia not only comprehends, but shares this feeling. She wants to let things go on as they are, provided that all her little friends around her accept her guidance in peace and war. She hopes to accomplish this by heading the National and the Liberal party throughout Germany. Internal reforms, and not revolutions, are to be the engines of her success. Above all things she is anxious to persuade the Germans that she has no wish to encroach by violence or fraud. The policy of Piedmont, therefore, supplies her with a convenient text for expounding her own policy. She oscillates, like the EMPEROR, but it is between the two poles of respect for the principle of nationality and respect for the rules of international law. A State that can see the line of duty so clearly in the case of Piedmont cannot be suspected either of being indifferent to the cause of German unity or of being likely to trample on the rights of her German neighbours. As applied to Piedmont, the lecture is quite thrown away. It is idle to tell Piedmont that she is moving in the path of revolution, and not of reform; for it is revolution, and not reform, that Italy asks, and that Piedmont supplies. But the Germans want reform, and not revolution; and Prussia intimates that she will be happy to supply what they ask. Thus, starting from a totally opposite direction, she comes to the same result as France. Italy is not to be interfered with, and is only to be lectured for the profit of the lecturer. It is difficult to say what more, so far as words go, could have been expected or hoped for from either the writer in the *Constitutionnel* or the Foreign Minister of the PRINCE REGENT. Both documents give encouragement to the friends of Italy; and it may be added that even the note which Prince GORTSCHAKOFF wrote when he recalled the Russian Minister from Turin is not much more alarming. It is a good savage growl in its way, but it cautiously abstains from threatening Piedmont with anything worse than the pain of differing in opinion from the Government of the Czar.

INDIGO.

THE Indigo dispute, which has gone far to throw the least pugnacious race in India into a state of chronic insurrection, has as yet been embittered by every attempt to allay it. Legislation alternately in favour of the planters and the ryots has given satisfaction to neither; and if the contending parties are to be believed, there is something about indigo which renders it absolutely impossible for a magistrate to execute justice with impartiality. Of all the officials in the disturbed districts, there seems to be scarcely one who is not accused of complicity either with the oppressions of planters or with the outrages of ryots. The Commission, which was made up chiefly of representatives of the opposing interests, has not been unanimous in its report, and even the majority have no definite remedy to suggest for the mischief which they believe they have traced to its source. Really to sift a matter of this kind, to weigh the value of each piece of conflicting evidence, and to apportion the blame between the superior and the inferior races, would need more exact information than is available in England; but the case is just one of those where the evidence, even when most contradictory, seems to tally exactly with what might reasonably be anticipated from the relative positions of the parties to the quarrel. Although in some districts the planters have succeeded in keeping on good terms with their dependents, the proceedings of the local courts and the enactments of the Calcutta Legislature are sufficient to show that the exasperation which has recently exhibited itself is due to permanent rather than to accidental causes. Ever since indigo planting has been practised in India there has been a sort of triangular feud between the Civil Service, the planters, and the ryots. Sometimes it would smoulder on in dull discontent, and occasionally, as at the present moment, it has broken out into violence, duplicity, and mutual accusations. The cause, however, is obviously deep-seated in the social relations of the parties concerned, and it is explained in very different ways by the planters and the missionaries, or other advocates who from one or another motive have taken up the cause of the ryots, and fought it more zealously than the people themselves.

The planters' case is simple enough. They say that, from the first, there has been on the part of the Indian Civil Service an unconquerable jealousy of all European influence unconnected with their hierarchy. British colonists, and indigo planters above all, as the most powerful among them, have been systematically discouraged. The justice which was accessible to the natives was denied to men whose capital was the means of raising whole districts from poverty to wealth. The population of Bengal, always prone enough to falsehood and dishonesty, was encouraged by the favour of partial magistrates to set at nought contracts, to defraud the planters, and, in some cases, to proceed to actual violence. Partly from the bias of the judges, and partly from the impossibility of taking proceedings against hundreds of ryots who combined to break their contracts, it has often become impracticable to enforce contracts entered into for the cultivation of indigo. The very existence of the factories depends on the maintenance of the cultivation; while the civil courts are practically closed against the planters, and ryots who are under contract to sow indigo, and who have been paid in advance on account of their crop, are suffered, and sometimes even counselled, to refuse performance of the stipulated condition. The remedy suggested by the planters is a summary criminal process for compelling the due performance of contracts for the cultivation of indigo; and on more than one occasion the desired weapon has been placed in the hands of the planters as the only means of saving them from ruin. To enforce contracts by penal procedure is acknowledged to be at variance with the spirit of English justice; but the planters contend, with some plausibility, that where large bodies of men are under contracts the completion of which is essential to the welfare of the country, and incapable of being enforced by the ordinary civil procedure, a case is made out for exceptional legislation. And it may be remembered that a parallel, though not a very creditable one, is to be found in the English law which punishes agricultural labourers who desert their work, but which has happily never been called into action since the imprisonment, a year or two ago, of a couple of Essex farm servants for running away from work to see a review. This is the planters' view. The other side of the question presents a startling contrast. According to those who have constituted themselves the

friends of the ryots, the complaining planter is commonly a cruel oppressor. He is, if not rich, at any rate in a position to command funds, while the ryot with whom he deals is almost invariably pressed for money. The so-called contracts between them are forced upon the ryot, sometimes by the temptation of an advance which he can only get on the unwelcome condition of sowing indigo, and at others by direct acts of violence and oppression. Arson and murder are charged in some cases against the factory tyrants or their servants; and kidnapping and arbitrary imprisonment are said to be their regular methods of obtaining and enforcing the contracts they require. A ryot once in debt to the planter is thenceforth his slave. The debt is never suffered to be paid off. False measurement and arbitrary exactions by the factory servants swallow up the little profit which, at the best, is all that can be got out of a crop of indigo. The factory prices are screwed down to the lowest point, and the ryot becomes each year less and less able to get out of the toils which the planter has thrown around him. By violent entry on his land, or, if necessary, by personal compulsion, he is forced to cultivate indigo even beyond the extent stipulated by his onerous contract. The magistrates are the personal friends of the planter, who belongs to their own race and their own rank in society, and if a ryot prefers a complaint, he has no chance of obtaining redress against his wealthy and favoured opponent. Year after year the district becomes more and more wretched, until at last it throws off the incubus by a combination to break all indigo contracts, which generally leads to direct attempts at compulsion from the one side, and riotous attacks on the factories from the other.

The inquiries of the Commission have discredited the heavier charges against the planters. The gross crimes of which they have been accused seem to be of very rare occurrence, and it is not clear that they happen more frequently on indigo plantations than in other parts of the country; but the practice of taking the law into their own hands is, as might be expected, not uncommon among the planters. If a ryot refuses to sow the stipulated acreage of indigo, it does occasionally happen that his land is ploughed for him by the retainers of the factory, and he and his family seized and incarcerated by the law of the strongest until he comes to terms. So at least the majority of the Commissioners affirm. It is equally well established that the cultivation of indigo is not a profitable business for the ryot. The one fact which is admitted on all hands is the decided aversion of the natives to this particular mode of employing their land, and it may fairly be assumed that a crop which is universally unpopular is not a very paying one. In most districts, the natives, if they were not tied down by contracts and burdened with debt, would never sow an acre of the hated seed; and in the face of this pregnant circumstance it can scarcely be doubted that the price paid at the factory is below the fair value of the produce supplied. Dealings between an embarrassed debtor and a comparatively wealthy creditor, though they may be called free contracts, must savour largely of oppression. When Shylock kindly consents to renew a bill, he is apt to accompany the favour by rather hard terms. Pounds of flesh are out of fashion, but why is it that so many spendthrifts invest a large portion of their hardly-earned cash in the purchase of mock champagne, worthless cigars, or imaginary old masters? No doubt it is a free contract on their part to lay out a portion of their borrowed cash in the precious wares of the indulgent money-lender; and so it is a free contract, in the same sense, when an indebted ryot agrees to supply the produce of so many acres at the price which his creditor may have fixed. But how can a bargain be fair between a rich member of a dominant race and a poor native who owes him more than he can pay?

Indigo planters are probably more high-minded than the ordinary race of money-lenders, but it is not in human nature to reject the advantages of a dominant position; and that the planters do systematically avail themselves of it is proved by the acknowledged aversion of the natives to the cultivation of the crop which is required from them. It is just as natural, and apparently just as well established, that peasants not of a very conscientious race, who have entangled themselves in disadvantageous contracts, should, by fraud or force, take every opportunity to escape their liabilities. The majority of the Commissioners have proposed a remedy for this unfortunate state of things, which

deserves the most attentive consideration; and we shall endeavour next week to explain what it is, and to point out how it meets the difficulties of the case as well, perhaps, as it is possible to meet them.

MERCENARIES.

THE English regiment of Volunteers is just announced to have arrived at Naples to assist Garibaldi. The Pope is also said to be recruiting again for his little army, and the faithful Irish are stated to be especially welcome. The British Empire, therefore, contributes combatants on both sides, and there are few families who have no private relationship or acquaintance with some one who has gone to hazard his life for Pope or King in Italy. There is, however, an uneasy feeling widely entertained that this volunteering is not quite right, or at any rate that it is likely to be a burthen to a sensitive conscience. Each side also reproaches the Volunteers of the other side and stigmatizes them as mercenaries. The side of the Pope is the unpopular side, and we therefore hear most of his followers as being mercenaries and hirelings. But there is obviously no real difference in the lawfulness of volunteering, according as one side is taken or the other. We must either lay down the broad rule that all war undertaken by individuals in a cause which their country does not support in arms is altogether wrong; or we must say that volunteering in itself is permissible, and that, if we disapprove of any particular instance, what we really disapprove of is the cause which the Volunteer seeks to defend. The subject, pressed on us as it is by daily facts, is well worth inquiring into; and both for the sake of ourselves and others, we may be glad to have as definite a view of the lawfulness of this volunteer fighting in behalf of aliens as the subject will admit of. We do not believe that any very positive rule can be laid down, but there are some considerations that throw light on what we must confess is a nice moral difficulty.

It is only in very modern times that any imputation has been cast on the position of a real mercenary—of a man, that is, who fights for any master who will pay him and treat him well. The Swiss Guards of Louis XVI. were as much honoured and respected as the Scotch Guards of Louis XI., and the lapse of three centuries had not altered the high position of the hired strangers who defended the King of France. The Great Powers have discouraged the recruiting of mercenaries in their territories because they wanted all their men for themselves, and feared lest the recruits should somehow embroil the country of their native allegiance. But there has been no scruple felt against hiring mercenaries. England, especially, has been most assiduous in leading foreigners into temptation, if to be a mercenary is to do wrong. In the very last war, in the full blaze of the highest modern principles, we hired and paid a German Legion, and we cannot shield ourselves from the moral responsibility of doing so on the plea that this Legion was never of the slightest use. What has changed public opinion on the point is hard to say. National life has taken a great start in every way during the last half century, and it seems almost a wrong to a man's self, if he is the citizen of a great nation, that he should separate himself from the nation to which he belongs. Then again, the strong wish to escape from oppression has been fostered by the intercommunication of nations, and by the sense of injustice implanted in the breasts of those who were not free by the spectacle of liberty. The follies of the Holy Alliance tended to separate a nation into two parts, and to cut off the sovereign from that portion of the people who longed for a government the very opposite of that which their sovereign supported. As the Princes clung together, the people clung together, and the oppressed or disaffected made common cause. Those who belonged to a great and united people gloried in their nationality, and those who belonged to a divided State gave themselves up to a cause. These intense feelings and passions were linked with the notion of fighting and dying for a nation or a cause according to the circumstances of the individual. By the side of these feelings and passions the motives that actuated the mercenary seemed mean and poor, and the tone of society became pitched too highly for money to be accepted as the price of life. Thus, although the trade of a mercenary was never declared immoral, a state of feeling was created under which it was viewed with a moral repugnance. We cannot doubt that this is a great step forwards in civilization. If war must be, it can only be made respectable by eliciting generous and noble emotions, and it should be associated only with patriotism or with devotion to a great cause. The question of the present day is, whether both these are good and reasonable motives for fighting and dying, and whether an individual is at liberty to separate himself from his nation and go with the supporters of a cause he has dearly at heart, provided that he does not directly attack the nation to which he belongs.

Evidently it can make no difference whether he receives pay for what he does. If a young Irishman goes to fight for the Pope, and is right in doing so because he is fighting for his religion, it cannot be wrong in the chief for whom he is fighting to give him food and clothing, or the money to purchase them, nor can it be wrong in him to accept what is offered. We believe that the English Garibaldians are to receive pay from the date of their landing, and there is not the slightest reproach to be cast on

them for not giving, or having to give, money as well as time and life. The whole attack on the Papal troops as mercenaries was mere rhetoric. They were not men who came there for pay, and who would have fought for Victor Emmanuel if he had hired them first. They fought for a cause, and a man who fights for a cause is no more a mercenary than a man who fights for his country. Neither of them fight because they are paid, and both may take pay without lowering or altering the nature of the motive that impels them to fight. Nor was there any sense in the taunt flung in their faces by Victor Emmanuel, that they were strangers come to mix themselves up in a purely Italian matter. That was the very point at issue. They declared that the preservation of the temporal power of the Pope was not an Italian question, but one in which all Catholics were equally interested. None of the supporters of Garibaldi would allow that they are fighting in a purely Italian quarrel. Their object is to forward the cause of liberty and to punish tyrants. The description of the Pope's friends as mercenaries was perhaps allowable in an appeal to Italian soldiers, for it helped to stir up the feeling of nationality in their minds, but it was very inaccurate. And it was still more indefensible when used calmly in England merely to annoy the Irish; and that it was used for this purpose was tolerably clear, as General Lamoricière himself was always excepted from the charge. It seemed too absurd to insinuate that this famous captain was fighting for his share of the Pope's war expenditure, and therefore he was always acknowledged to be impelled by a spirit of mistaken and foolhardy chivalry. But if it is right to be a general in the voluntary service of the head of one's religion, it is clearly right to be a private, and whatever was the excuse for General Lamoricière may also be pleaded in behalf of the rawest Irish lad that fought at Castelfidardo.

Nor is it true that the aid of Volunteers is necessarily ineffectual—that a country must fight its own battles, and that strangers can do no good. If this were true, Volunteering for aliens would clearly be wrong, as it would involve a wanton waste of life. But it is obviously not true. There is a point after which Volunteering can do no good. If all Italy were given over to Piedmont, and then Victor Emmanuel found it impossible to keep up an army that could really fight unless an English contingent was always at hand to lead the way, the presence of this contingent would be useless, for the Italians would not be worth preserving. After a nation has a fair start, it must trust to itself, and no one can help it. But at the beginning of a struggle, Volunteers can render very efficient help. The Hungarian Legion, for example, has exercised a most appreciable influence on the fortunes of the campaign which has brought the King of Naples to bay at Gaeta. It is not certain either that Southern Italy would have gained its freedom if the Hungarians had not helped it, or that it will not now profit by the freedom it has gained. So, again, there was a very fair prospect that Lamoricière and his associates would be able to hold the Pope's territories until the great Catholic and European Powers had settled what was to be done with them. The need of the Papacy was to weather a temporary crisis, and an Irishman might very justifiably calculate that, if he and his friends lent their aid, this crisis might be successfully met.

When the laws of the nation to which the Volunteer belongs are very positive against volunteering, and seem based on a definite policy invariably adhered to, it is certainly inconsistent with the duty of a good citizen to set his judgment up against that of his country. But it may be doubted whether the laws of any country really forbid volunteering to aid aliens. Certainly it is only in the most nominal way that the English law forbids it. The Government of the day loudly proclaims that this law will not be enforced, and the principal exponents of the Administration distinctly declare that if the cause is good, as in the instances of the liberation of Greece and Sicily, no opposition ought to be offered. The Legislature, in fact, broke through the whole principle on which the prohibition is based when it permitted the formation of the Spanish Legion. It was thenceforward clear that the legalization of volunteering depended not on any theory of national duty, but solely on the temporary tendency of English foreign politics. We then wished to give a distinct sanction to the cause of the Queen of Spain without going to war in her behalf. We now wish to give a sanction to the cause of Garibaldi, but not so distinct a one as will permit Austria to complain. In the former case, volunteering was legalized—in the latter, it has been merely applauded by the representatives of the Government. Nor is it at all certain that volunteering is calculated to do harm to the nation to which the volunteers belong, by embroiling it with other States or by lessening its resources. This will all depend on the circumstances of the particular case. Sometimes the most disastrous results follow from the intervention of individuals in foreign States. The inhabitants of Central America, for example, have been filled with the most lively hatred to all the citizens of the United States owing to the follies and crimes of Walker and his filibusters. But volunteering may sometimes help the nation from which the volunteers come. It is, to say the least, rather soothing to our feelings that we should, even in an indirect way and at this eleventh hour, have done something for the freedom of Sicily after the promises we have so often made, and the encouragements we have so long given in vain. Italy may also prove

hereafter a useful ally; and, as alliances are prompted by sympathy as well as by interest, the Italians may be strengthened in their resolution to share the fortunes of England by remembering that we were, some of us, instrumental in establishing Italian freedom.

There does not, therefore, seem to be any reason why volunteering to help aliens in a good cause should be considered wrong, and it certainly is not in any way ignoble. If we could but be sure that the cause was good enough, there is no argument that would tell against fighting for it among strangers which would not also tell against going out as a missionary in an unhealthy region. But very few causes are simply and purely good; and it is the difficulty of judging of the goodness of the cause which seems to us the principal reason why volunteers should hesitate, and why it is, unless in very exceptional cases, wiser to fight only under the banner of our country. A great nation can assert its cause, and take cognizance of conflicting claims, when an individual is impelled blindly on. For example, it seems clear to a large number of Englishmen that to help Garibaldi against the King of Naples is a good cause; but would it be a good cause to help him in an attack on Venetia? Why, as a nation, should we hesitate to support Italy in an attack on Venetia? Because we should fear the consequences, moral and political, of our own actions. We should shrink from violating treaties in order to aggrandize France and crush Austria. It would be too much against English interests to do this. But an individual Englishman is bound to consult English interests, and he must consider what the true policy of his country requires before he allows his private prepossessions to lead him into a line of conduct. A great country looks to all the bearings of its acts before it takes a decisive step. An individual is hardly able to do this, or to attain proper mastery over his course when once he has joined himself to strangers. Volunteering to help aliens is right, if only it is wise; but then the wisdom of most men is very short-sighted.

LAMORICIÈRE'S DEFEAT AT CASTEL FIDARDO.

ALTHOUGH, in these days of rapid communication, the battle of Castel Fidardo ought to be by this time an exhausted subject, we venture to draw our readers' attention to some account of this sufficiently important event, the incidents of which have been very imperfectly narrated. The Piedmontese bulletins are still of the same meagreness for which they were conspicuous during the Lombard campaign, while the Papal Government has done its utmost to hush up occurrences that redound little to the credit of its cause.

At the outbreak of hostilities, the Papal forces, deducting the considerable detachments scattered in various garrisons, were divided into three bodies. The first, under a Swiss officer, General de Courten, reduced to 3500 men by losses incurred at Sinigaglia, retreated slowly into Ancona, the garrison of which town amounted after their arrival to near 8000 men. The other two bodies, of the respective strength of 3800 and 3000 men—the former commanded by Lamoricière, the latter by Pimodan—were quartered between Spoleto and Narni. These troops Lamoricière directed by forced marches towards Ancona, in the hope of being able to arrive there in time to offer battle at the head of his united forces. This movement has been freely condemned as a signal strategical error, cutting off the army from retreat into the provinces still in subjection, and necessarily exposing it to destruction in the event of a reverse. The defence made for this hazardous course is, that the General relied upon the fact of French intervention, of which he had been assured by the Papal Government, on the authority of distinct declarations conveyed to it by the French Embassy. Hence the Vatican charges French diplomacy with being the deliberate cause of the destruction of its army, which, in advancing, reckoned upon leaning on a French force assembling in its rear. Early on the morning of the 15th of September, Lamoricière reached the town of Macerata with his troops and the military chest, containing five millions of francs. The soldiers were much distressed; in one day they had marched forty miles. Yet, before daybreak on the 16th, they were again under way for the small harbour of Porto di Recanati, where the military chest was got safely on board a little steamer, which carried it into Ancona. Lamoricière then continued his march on Loreto. On the day he left Macerata, Pimodan, at the head of the second corps, entered the town, and next day followed his commanding officer's steps to Porto di Recanati. The conduct of the troops was rather that of a hostile than of a friendly force. Not only were heavy requisitions imposed upon the municipalities, but all horses that could be laid hands on were forcibly carried off, and the best apartments in noblemen's palaces were ruthlessly taken possession of by the rude soldiery. From Porto di Recanati, Pimodan's head quarters, to Loreto, where Lamoricière lay, is little above three English miles. The town had already been occupied by a Piedmontese advanced post, which evacuated it on Lamoricière's arrival, after a skirmish upon the banks of the adjoining river, the Musone, the bridge over which was blown up. Very early on the morning of the 18th, Pimodan rode to confer with Lamoricière, whose original hope of reaching Ancona before the Piedmontese had been frustrated. Their forces, under General Cialdini, were in position at Castel Fidardo, on the banks of the Musone, so as to inter-

cept the road to the fortress. It must be mentioned that Cialdini, anxious to avoid useless bloodshed, sent repeated messages to Lamoricière, with a statement of his superior numbers, and the entreaty that he might see fit to avoid a desperate and hopeless encounter. It is hard for a general to listen to such a request. At all events, Lamoricière turned a deaf ear to these representations, and resolved on an immediate engagement. It was decided that Pimodan, advancing from Porto di Recanati, should commence an attack, which Lamoricière, bringing all his guns into action, undertook to support vigorously from his side, while it was calculated that, in obedience to instructions, the garrison of Ancona would at the same moment make an onslaught upon the Piedmontese lines. No sooner had Pimodan galloped back to his quarters than, with his usual activity, he got his troops into order, and at seven o'clock in the morning they were on their march towards the banks of the Musone.

It was near a spot called Le Crocette that they came upon the Piedmontese sharpshooters. The first engaged on the Pope's side was a body of indigenous troops, who quickly manifested symptoms of that spirit of defection which showed itself so strongly that day among the Italian portion of the Papal army. With characteristic feeling, the Piedmontese sharpshooters kept calling on the Italian soldiers to get out of their way, and not expose them to the pain of killing their brethren. The foreign riflemen, however, stood firm, and the Piedmontese skirmishers having fallen back upon the main body, their batteries along the river-side began to open against the enemy, and the action became general. It appears that a farmhouse, belonging to the Santa Casa of Loreto, became the key to the position on the side of the Papalini. The Piedmontese, in a first advance upon it, allowed themselves to be misled by the stratagem of a false answer to their challenge as to whether any Papal troops were still within the house. A discharge of grape from suddenly unmasked guns compelled their momentary retreat, which, however, was followed by an immediate return that carried the house at the point of the bayonet, and involved the slaughter of the garrison. Meanwhile, Pimodan was behaving with the gallantry of a true soldier, who is proof to the sensation of fear, and believes that his life bears a charm against bullets. But all his efforts were in vain. The native soldiers refused to act, levelling their pieces at their superiors; and the cavalry, on receiving the order to charge, rode down their officers. Pimodan, who exposed himself all along in the thickest of the fight, had already been twice wounded in the face and side, though not severely, when a treacherous shot from one of his indigenous soldiers—it is said of Giorgi's corps—passed through his body. Piedmontese soldiers close at hand caught him as he was falling from his horse, and carried him with every attention into the farmhouse they had just taken. The wound proved mortal, and towards midnight the brave soldier died, after having charged the Piedmontese officer who watched by his bedside to give his watch to his widow, and to let Lamoricière know that he at least had died doing his duty on the field of battle.

Pimodan's fall was the signal for complete rout. By two, P.M., the Pope's army had retreated in all directions, the bulk of the fugitives making for the coast. One body of a thousand men, however—Austrian troops—made good their retreat into Loreto, where they barricaded themselves, but eventually surrendered to the Piedmontese who surrounded them, being unwilling to begin an attack that might expose them to the charge of having committed sacrilege on the buildings of this venerated shrine. Meanwhile Lamoricière, on perceiving the disaster which had befallen Pimodan's corps, had immediately followed the general example of flight and betaken himself to Porto di Recanati. It does not appear exactly what services were rendered by his division during the engagement, the brunt of which was undoubtedly borne by Pimodan alone. What is absolutely certain is that all the Papal officers and men who have returned from Castel Fidardo are indignant at the coldhearted manner in which, as they say, Lamoricière abandoned them to chance, and went away, after Pimodan's fall, without taking the least thought for his soldiers. When some Italian papers alluded to the profound impression which this conduct had produced amongst the Papal troops, the French press raised a clatter about calumnious aspersions upon the character of a French officer. There is not the slightest intention to cast the least imputation on Lamoricière's personal courage. It needs no vindication. But no bluster can get the better of sober facts, and the truth is, that so keenly has Lamoricière's conduct on this occasion been felt by men who had been till then enthusiastic in his praise, that it is doubted whether one of them could be got to serve again under him. He made his way into Ancona as a real fugitive. From Porto di Recanati, which was swarming with his flying soldiers, the General, at the head of about five-and-twenty horsemen, disentangled himself from the crush, struck into a sandy path along the seashore, and galloped in the direction of Ancona at the extreme left of the Piedmontese, who were advancing in rapid pursuit. Thanks to the speed of their horses, the party escaped capture, and came in sight of the village of Sizolo. Here Lamoricière, with a revolver in hand, rode up to the first house, asking whether the Piedmontese were in the hamlet, and calling upon the people to give him a true answer and not to betray him. Assured that the road was clear, he put spurs to his horse and dashed through

the village, followed by his escort. There he found in the fields a countryman whom he induced, by a promise of five dollars, to lead him to the convent at Monte Comero. The road he had to follow is a very rugged and slippery path, only fit for donkeys, and Lamoricière arrived at the convent with his escort in a pitiful plight—the horses sadly jaded, and many of the men without their side-arms. Yet time pressed so hard that he did not allow himself above half an hour for refreshment; and, after a meagre repast on bread and cheese, the party started again by the telegraph road for Ancona, which the General entered by the Porta Marina, boldly announcing the immediate arrival of 2000 Piedmontese prisoners to the Roman soldiers, who, in consequence, loudly cheered him.

Such were the incidents of the battle of Castel Fidardo, which at one blow demolished the army on which the Pope had squandered his last pennies. For him the moral consequences of this defeat are even greater than the immediate practical ones. Were the Pope to-day in possession of the means of paying a second army, he would find it almost impossible to get one together, so bad is the reputation which, on experience, his service has contracted. Of all the men who entered his army—and there were many who did so from conscientious enthusiasm—we have not heard of one who has not expressed delight at being rid of the Pope's service, and regret at having ever allowed himself to be misled as to the true nature of his government. The universal expression of these crusaders is one of joy at deliverance from having anything more to do with the Pope, and of out-spoken resolve never again to be misled into a similar fool's errand. The criticisms on the Papal administration in which these gentlemen indulge are, indeed, so free and so public that Monsignor Merode, as Minister of War, has seen himself constrained to issue a severe order of the day, stigmatising the disorderly and mutinous remarks current among officers and subalterns in the Pope's service. The result, therefore, of Lamoricière's crusade must be declared to be thoroughly satisfactory to the best wishes of the Pope's enemies. The Holy Father has spent goodly sums, not easily to be replaced, on an army which has been demolished to the heart's content of his opponents, and on inoculating with a deal of wholesome insight a number of individuals who, but for that particular operation, would never have dreamed how thoroughly hateful the Papal Government is to all classes of its subjects. It would have been impossible for the most Machiavellic antagonist to have prepared a more glaring break-down of everybody and everything in connexion with the Pope and his martial propensities—not the least injured object being the military reputation of that much vaunted Christian paladin who had become imbued with true devotion by the fumes of African razzias and the slaughter of civil war.

SENTIMENTAL ECONOMICS.

A GREAT deal of surprise has been expressed that such a periodical as the *Cornhill Magazine* should have given its imprimatur to a production so unworthy of it as the series of papers headed *Unto this Last*. That they should have issued from Mr. Ruskin's pen is not, perhaps, so much to be wondered at. He has achieved so much ingenious absurdity in dealing with subjects with which he is tolerably familiar, that he could hardly have failed to attain to absurdity pure and unadulterated when he came to deal with a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing. On the whole, the wonder is that he has stopped short at the point at which he has. In spite of the courage with which he faces consequences the most perplexing, he must have felt himself that there was one omission which marred the perfection of his doctrine. Perhaps he yielded to the *force majeure* of editorial sagacity; perhaps the strong pressure of nineteenth-century enlightenment has forced a foreign element of common sense into the structure of his thoughts. But one would have expected from so despotic a temper some attempt not only to inculcate his views, but also to impress on society the duty of compulsorily enforcing them. At present there seems a lack of motive power to bring the new commercial code into operation. An invitation to buy in the dearest and sell in the cheapest market is not a species of *Évangile* calculated to spread like wildfire in the City. Cloudy verbiage and misused texts of Scripture will do a good deal, but they have a heavy weight to float in the present instance. How is the merchant's duty of dying to keep down prices to be enforced? How is Mr. Ruskin's definition of wages to be converted into a fact? How is an employer of labour to be made to understand that he is bound to pay his day-labourers by labouring a day for them in return? We may be giving way to a needlessly gloomy view of human wickedness, and may be showing a want of confidence in Mr. Ruskin's eloquence which he himself would stigmatize with very spicy epithets. But we confess that we should learn with a delight not unmixed with surprise that a single merchant in Mark-lane was "prepared to die" rather than allow a rise in the price of corn—which we are told it is his profession, apart from any question of remuneration, to supply to the community—or that Mr. Ruskin himself had resolved to pay his charwoman for an hour's scrubbing by an hour's lecture on the Economy of Art.

But Mr. Ruskin has disciples who, after the manner of disciples, go a great deal farther than their master. As Plato de-

veloped Socrates, as Condillae developed Locke, so does Colonel Clinton, in a pamphlet that he has lately circulated, develop Mr. Ruskin. The Colonel has not been very fortunate up to this time in securing the publicity which is necessary for the hatching of his philanthropic eggs. The *Times* refused to print his effusions because they contained "speculative opinions"—upon which he consoles himself with the reflection, in a footnote, that Socrates drank hemlock, and the Author of Christianity was crucified, also for speculative opinions. Even the Social Science Association, callous as they are to enthusiasts, and warranted proof against bores, declined to add to their yearly sufferings by hearing a lecture from Colonel Clinton on the regeneration of society. But the admission of his master to the pages of a popular magazine encourages him feebly to renew his stifled voice. He has been a great revealer of new lights in his day. In one pamphlet he has divulged a plan for extending our system of representation to India and the colonies. In another he has instructed the world "How to do without Customs and Excise." In a third he has disclosed "Suggestions for the Organization of the English Empire," which, he adds, with the modesty characteristic of this school, "had they been attended to, the Indian mutiny would have been impossible." And now he comes forward, like Mr. Ruskin, to rescue the world from the grinding tyranny of what he calls "inordinate profit-takers." He paints our condition in language which shows that he has zealously, if not very discriminatingly, studied the graces of Mr. Ruskin's style:—

All classes of society, including that of the distributors, are the Slaves of an abominable system, under which it has been hitherto our hard fate to be compelled to serve; a system, the action of which resembles that of the ocean whirlpool, dragging down not only those engaged in the centre of the commercial vortex, but the whole population of the earth likewise, as in turn they come within the sphere of its influence—dragging them down into its horrible abysses.

Will society still continue to endure the oppression of this intolerable yoke? Will society still continue to trifle on the brink of the Pandemonium of the Waters of Commerce?

Here lies the mysterious cause, threatening ossification to the Heart of Society! Here is the Cancer in the Breast of Society!

He then proceeds to argue that political economy is inconsistent with Christianity. But he is not satisfied with denouncing the merchants or pitching Scripture texts at the heads of the economists. He has a shrewd idea that the practice of making good profits out of trade has a very tough constitution, and will survive a great deal of preaching. He has not much faith in the "martyrdoms of the market" or the "heroisms of trade," which Mr. Ruskin hopes to bring into vogue by dint of fine writing. Accordingly, he has a practical remedy for eradicating what he calls the "iniquity of iniquities." It is a very simple one—to turn commerce into a Government department. First, he proposes to sweep away all independent traders and merchants in a body. As long as they are left there will be no inducing them to sell in the cheapest market. Their functions are then to be assumed by a Government office, which is "to ascertain the amount of demand and make arrangements for distributing the necessary supply:—"

The Business of Buying and Selling (Commercial Agency or "Distribution") must be taken out of the hands of private persons, and carried on (by well-remunerated public officers, at the cost price of economical management, for the benefit of Society) as the Business, or Duty, of a Public Profession, in which no more profit on its duly-performed transactions is permitted to accrue, than would be tolerated in any other fully-arranged Branch of the Public Service. . . . Prices must be low and must be kept low; little fluctuation in price need ever find place.

If this little arrangement be effected, Colonel Clinton undertakes to settle the currency question and to restore the earth to the condition of a paradise.

Though it is a puzzle to conceive how either Mr. Ruskin or Colonel Clinton can have descended to the intellectual depths in which such theories as theirs are possible, yet there is an interest in studying and comparing their vagaries from the measure which they furnish us of the extent of our advancement. A ship's pace can be watched as conveniently from her stern as from her bows, and the relative positions of the stragglers who lag in the extreme rear of the march of enlightenment will furnish as accurate a gauge of our progress as the grandest achievements of the intellects which lead its van. The class of visionaries to which Mr. Ruskin and Colonel Clinton belong have abounded in every age. Warm philanthropy, vivid and unchecked imagination, and stunted reasoning power will always produce plenty of guides ready to conduct us by a short cut to Utopia. Reckless and unreasoning aspirations after perfection have always been indications of great amiability in their author and the source of countless evils to their objects. The social hell is thickly paved with the good intentions of social reformers. Visionaries of this sort are much what they ever were, and there does not seem to be any considerable improvement in that respect. But the distance between Mr. Ruskin and Colonel Clinton shows that we have gained in toleration, which is a step to wisdom, if we have not gained in wisdom itself. Colonel Clinton is the true type of the old enthusiast. In pure benevolence he would yoke any man to his own crochets. His is the type of every zealot, every propagator of a belief, from Innocent III. to Louis Blanc. His is the spirit that inspired the persecutions of the Middle Ages, the sumptuary laws of the Reformation, the governmental

meddling which now prevails over the Continent, the relentless dogmatism of the later Socialists. All these were the work of well-meaning men, thinking to use the power of the State to secure their fellow-men from what they looked upon as error or folly. They thought they saw a great evil and a great remedy, and the huge machine of the State ready to bring the one to bear upon the other. Colonel Clinton is ensnared by the same delusion. But then he is a teacher who cannot procure an audience. He is rejected by Associations and scouted by leading newspapers, and is reduced to that poor apology for publicity which consists in the gratuitous circulation of a pamphlet. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, admitted to the columns of a leading magazine, is compelled, either by his own instincts, or by the conditions under which he writes, to stop short of the practical recommendation to which visionaries of his class have almost invariably proceeded. To be sure, the omission makes his theory lamer, and gives to his visions a still more visionary air. Impracticable as his notions of trade must in any case be, their hopelessness would be, if possible, enhanced a hundredfold unless they were imposed on all the competitors of commerce simultaneously. But the omission, however damaging to his argument, is an eloquent proof of the completeness with which the old paternal and intolerant theory of the State has passed away from the minds of Englishmen.

THE FRENCH CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE.

THE French Church is a scandal to Christianity. To be sure it only reproduces the inevitable consequences which always follow from prostitution. When its bishops saluted the Man of December as the Saviour of Society, they laid up in store for themselves a degradation in which regret and pity are absorbed in contempt. Their adhesion to the cause of Napoleon was worth purchasing; but a hireling must expect that, when the wages are paid, the hour of dismissal is not far distant. If the French Church had remembered the charter of her existence—the Gospel declaration against a political priesthood, that "His kingdom was not of this world"—the Empire might not so easily have been consolidated, but the Church would have presented the dignified aspect of a protest against rapine, murder, perfidy, and truce-breaking in high places. Having not only absolved, but applauded, crimes which the Gospel denounces, it is but a just and righteous retribution that it should be reminded of its prostitution by the accomplice of its venality and sin. To use language which ought to be familiar to the clerical mind—to lean upon Egypt can have but one result; and it is no broken reed which has pierced its hand. Politically, the attitude of the Emperor towards the Church is interesting and important; and the suppression of the *Gazette de Lyons* means more than an act of tyranny towards an obscure provincial print. A significant hint is conveyed to the Vatican in the recent report published in the *Moniteur*. The Emperor can walk without his ecclesiastical crutch; and he flings the crooked stick away with undisguised contempt. The Bishop of Poitiers and his followers may console themselves by composing homilies on the ingratitude of princes, and in their own persons they will preach a sermon to mankind on the old text of the comparative advantages of serving God and Mammon. They have purchased ten years of purple and pay; and now the accounts are to be settled. France yet contains its seven thousand—the men of letters, arts, and law, who have not bowed the knee to a political Baal, nor have passed their intellect and their principles through the fire to Moloch. The history of the world must be reversed if these better men and better principles are not to have their day. The Church of France has, through its prelates, declined to cast in its lot with justice and judgment, and has laid up in store for itself a dreadful reckoning when this tyranny is overpast; and now it is only seemly that justice and judgment should be abused in the ecclesiastical retribution. Divine justice itself might be brought into question were not the sycophants of the French bench and the French pulpit visited with their present ignominy of punishment; and their squeaks of impotent cursing receive as much commiseration as those of any other rats.

The bishops who are shrieking indirect curses against the Piedmontese robbers of holy things have not even the merit of boldness. We live in an age when our Ambroses and our Becketts are of pinchbeck and gilt copper. Everybody knows that they are talking at their own Saviour of Society when they are talking about Victor Emmanuel. They mean Paris, but they can only bring themselves to say Turin; and, after all, they have allowed a newspaper to be suppressed, instead of saying in their own persons what might really have compromised something more than the immunity which is contemptuously given to mere scolding. No doubt there is something majestic in the attitude of a protesting Church. A power confronting the Kings of the earth with more and less than human arms—finding its strength in weakness, seeking its weapons only in the eternal but bloodless pleadings of truth and sobriety against falsehood and wrong, of right against might, of purity against license, of honour against double dealing—is a dignified spectacle. But the French bishops have precluded themselves from this sublime appeal. They have yoked themselves to the car of the Empire, and they cannot refuse to be bespattered with its mud. It is something of the latest for

them to declare that the blood of the martyrs of Lamoricière's army cries to heaven, when they saluted as the Elect of God as well as of man the traitor red-handed from the massacres of the Boulevards. No doubt the Church, in her appeal, might now be listened to with deference, if not with assent, had she declined to give her blessing to one whose whole life has been spent in plots—who on two occasions was ready to plunge his country into civil war for the mere purpose of gratifying a personal and restless ambition—who, as President of the Republic, swore to maintain a constitution which he drowned in a sea of domestic blood—and whose reign has produced a state of society which, by cutting off the legitimate channels of honest ambition and public spirit, has deprived man of his faith and woman of her self-respect. But the Church cannot use the language of remonstrance against oppression when she has connived and assisted at oppressions measured with which the invasion of the patrimony of St. Peter is as petty larceny compared with highway robbery. To have suppressed freedom in France—to have reduced its domestic government to a vast system of bribery, in which the only avenue to success is by adulation and *espionnage*—to have given rise to a literature fouler than was ever dreamed of in the stews of Corinth—to have emasculated the intellect of France, and to rest its European influence only on compelling all nations to entertain the same feelings of suspicion and distrust with which men view a volcano—these are the moral and Christian principles of that Empire which the Church met not only with adulation, but with all but deification. Had but a single bishop in France, in a Charge or in a Pastoral Letter, in the pulpit or in the press, even once indirectly called attention to the moral degradation of his own country, he would have earned a right to plead against the Sardinian invasion; but the men who had no word of remonstrance against the perfidy which wrested Savoy from its reluctant master have cut themselves off from the high moral ground. They alone can denounce robbery who have never winked at it. And it is not that the French Church has been merely tolerant of evils against which, if it was impotent to contend, it might have maintained a prudent silence. We do not mean to say that the Church was bound to interfere with the revellings of Compiègne, or publicly to denounce the Imperial relations with magicians and soothsayers, though we think we have read of saints whose memories have been introduced into the calendar for their boldness in rebuking wickedness, as well sensual as spiritual, in high places. But the French prelates have committed faults graver and more positive than that of acquiescing in evils which they could not prevent. Apostles and apostolic men did not feel themselves bound to write epistles against the corrupt lives of the Cæsars; but neither did they break bread with them—still less did they fawn upon and adulate the corrupters of the human race. We might all forgive the absence of clerical interference with private vices; but the public scandals of Imperial France are at least a fitting theme for Christian teachers to enlarge upon. The Bishops make free use of texts of Scripture in their indignation against Sardinian ambition, but they will not deny the justice, or the applicability to their own case, of that Diviner sermon which declares that with the measure men mete it shall be measured to them again. The Church which assented to the law against the liberty of the press cannot object to the suppression of the *Lyons Gazette*. The priests who sang *Te Deum* for Magenta and Solferino cannot complain of the legitimate development of the feeling which triumphed on those bloody fields; and, above all, the Ultramontanes are hampered by the inconvenient reminders of history that the successor of St. Peter is just about to lose his temporalities by the very same arts and arms by which they were won. Nobody can help feeling a sort of pity for discredited kings; but in the case of the Papal misfortune, regret for the loss of our neighbour's spoons is considerably modified if we happen to be aware that he stole them himself.

For such is the real history of the Papal States. By false assertions, by intrigue, by betraying the interests of the Eastern Emperor into the hands of a rebel and usurper to whose unprincipled ambition that of Sardinia is as nothing—by dealing with the fears of a female devotee, by playing off one pretender against another, by selling mediatorship at the highest price—these are the creditable arts by which the States of the Church came into existence. *Sic turpis Etruria crevit*. Unprincipled ambition, and restless intrigue, and dexterous manipulation won what, at the very worst estimate, ambition and intrigue not more selfish are about to take away. Whatever are the crimes of Sardinia, Rome has been their teacher. There is not a Government in Europe which has a history so politically indefensible as that of the States of the Church. What is now called international law may be a creation of refined civilization and of political convenience, but there are laws of nations and of morality which are antecedent to these recent fictions. The Popes, in order to acquire their temporal dominions, violated all those laws by anticipation, and in the collapse of a Government which has secured the hatred of its subjects and the abhorrence of mankind by its own internal vices, we are too apt to forget its profligate political history. Its domestic faults are, after all, not equal to its historical crimes, and the lesson to mankind on the largest scale is—even if Sardinian aggression be all that the Roman Catholic Bishops describe it to be—summed up in the homely proverb, that what is gained over the devil's back is lost under his belly.

THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT NAPLES.

THE watery deities who all the summer have been threatening the harvests and spoiling the pic-nics of Northern Europe, have at last bent their malign influences towards the South, and seem to be battling heroically for full possession of the Italian sky. Never was their ascendancy more complete than at the dawn of the day which the authorities appointed for the debarcation of the British Brigade, and for its state reception by the Neapolitan populace. Mark Tapley himself might well have taken credit for a resigned cheerfulness under physical circumstances so absolutely depressing. A thick, dark, motionless mass of vapour hung brooding drearily in the place of the exquisite blue which at Naples is almost a necessary condition of existence. The fair curves of the bay, the glittering villas of Portici and Pozzuoli, and the rugged outline of the Vesuvius range, which but yesterday lay basking in a blaze of sunlight, are now but faintly discernible through mist and rain; and the long thunder which rattles from the sides of the men-of-war seems to struggle in vain for escape through the dense atmosphere. "Ruit cælum" is really a hardly exaggerated account of the sort of down-pour which from time to time relieves the monotony of the prevailing drizzle. The Neapolitans, however, are a sanguine race, and had determined, fair weather or foul, to do all possible honour to the adventurous knights-errant who had come to assist in their deliverance. As yet the mutual interchange of compliments had been of a fragmentary and unsatisfactory nature. The English vessels arrived on Sunday, and two boats full of National Guardsmen had been paddling all the afternoon about the harbour, playing Garibaldi's Hymn with a vehemence which was quite unintelligible to the future liberators of Italy. The cries, too, of *Evviva ai Volontari Inglesi!* which rang from the shore, seemed to convey no very precise meaning to gentlemen whose ears were unattuned to the soft accents of the South, and whose interest in the peninsula had taken a practical rather than a literary turn. On the other hand, the Italians had listened with a sort of admiring mistrust to the vigorous *Hip, hip, hurrah*, with which seven hundred pair of Britannic lungs hailed the conclusion of a tedious voyage and the name of the leader beneath whose banner they had come to serve. Both parties regarded one another with quite as much astonishment as affection; but by Monday morning, honours of a more unmistakable description had been prepared, and the Volunteers had learned enough Italian to construe the flatteries which were showered upon them. The performers of yesterday had apparently devoted the night to a musical exertion, and acquitted themselves like men in a lengthened performance of "God save the Queen." Large baskets of bouquets—prepared, as fancy bids us believe, by the grateful fingers of Italy's fairest daughters—awaited the warriors on landing, or were flung over them in generous profusion during their passage to the shore. Long files of National Guards, with typical flowers blushing in the place of bayonets at their muskets' ends, lined the harbour, and acted as an escort of honour to the heroes of the occasion. At all available corners, and at a great many that were not available, dirty little picturesque gamins had early ensconced themselves for a commanding view of the dense rabble below. The line of march lay through the Arsenal, and at the gates of the Arsenal an impatient multitude tossed and seethed, and every now and then boiled over in an effervescence of hisses for the imperturbable guardians of so unwelcome an obstacle. The adjoining quays and bridges, the roofs of the barracks and houses, the balconies of the now untenanted Palace, the winding road that leads up from the Arsenal to the Largo di Palazzo, all were well packed with eager beholders, and, if cries and banners go for anything, zealous patriots. In the Grande Place the excitement reached its climax. No finer area for a public manifestation could possibly be wished for. Noble State-buildings surround it on every side, and its appearance just now is especially suggestive. As the Englishmen entered, they saw on their right the silent palace, where masons are already busy cutting away the fleur-de-llys of the exiled dynasty; in front is the balcony from which the Dictator at rare intervals harangues the volatile subjects of his temporary reign; and on the left are two equestrian statues of Bourbon monarchs, done up in brown holland, that their appearance may not incite the susceptibility of Italian patriotism to acts of violence. At first the mob proposed to consign them to summary destruction, and, as Francis II. was safe at Gaeta, to realize the sentiment of *Morte ai Borboni* by smashing him and his father in marble; but artistic and economical considerations got the better of so rash a scheme. The figures are by Canova, and could not be replaced. Counter-revolutions are never impossible, and if the King returned, the absence of the statues might cause unpleasantness; so national sagacity determined on some middle course, and the compromise of the brown holland was, we believe, a suggestion of Father Gavazzi's.

In the Grande Place the Volunteers performed a few such scanty manoeuvres as the nature of the ground and the close proximity of the multitude rendered possible. Much has been said of the difficulty of marching a regiment out of Hyde Park, but an inexperienced commander would probably more readily despair of getting his men safely through the embarrassments of an Italian mob. Every city has its own notion of festivities, and the Neapolitan notion is that of a frantic rabble tearing along in no particular direction, with banners and shoutings, and, if pos-

sible, with drawn swords and bayonets. Then, though everybody is entirely courteous and goodnatured, everybody has the firmest intention of seeing all that is to be seen; and this, as the National Guard are but feeble policemen, naturally gives rise to an occasional crush. The kind of modesty which elsewhere on grand occasions helps to clear the ground for the principal performers is entirely foreign to the Neapolitan temperament. The very shabbiest cabs and horses, whose appearance would melt the heart of anybody but an Italian, are admitted as a matter of course under the very gates of the Palace, and as close to any desirable spectacle as the shoulders of the populace will admit them. Young ladies from the country, with piles of capsciums or monster melons, drive their donkeys without the least compunction across the few yards of open ground which flashing swords and repeated cries of *Dietro!* have at last succeeded in winning from the throng of beholders. Or a country lad, with a flock of goats, calmly pushes his charge forward, and passes on his journey, sublimely indifferent to the interests of the city and the meaning of the sight in which he forms so incongruous an element. By degrees, however, a long line was formed across the Place, the Guards drew up in a square at the side, a splendid military band crashed out from beneath the arcades of the Palace, and, as if in mercy to so much irrepressible enthusiasm, the clouds partially broke, and here and there a watery ray of sunlight lighted up the thousand various hues of the strange assemblage that by this time was beginning to surge up the Toledo. Here the quaint lofty houses, the tiers of balconies bedizened with tricolor flags and crowded with beholders, the narrow street re-echoing every sound, as one band after another broke upon the ear, swelled to its loudest pitch, and then died away in the hum of human voices—the long red column of Englishmen, upon which every eye was bent, and whose approach was the signal for an outburst of *Evviva!* crowds of Piedmontese soldiers, unemployed Neapolitans, disbanded Calabrese, fortunate Jacks-a-shore, making the most of their countrymen's ovation—all presented a scene whose variety of circumstance and contrast of colour might well dazzle and confuse the most cold-blooded sightseer. At last the procession had dragged its full length along, the last plaudits died away, the Toledo relapsed into its ordinary condition of chaos, and the Volunteers, still blushing beneath the morning's crowns and bouquets, made their way from their barracks to satisfy the dreams of a hungry imagination as best they might in the wretched *trattorias* and *cafés* of the town. But one opinion prevailed as to their appearance and demeanour. They are a fine, strong set of men, belonging, apparently, for the most part to classes of life considerably superior to those which recruit the rank and file of our own army; and though men just landed from a fortnight's voyage are, of course, seen to some disadvantage, they are perfect pictures of neatness compared with the rudely-attired hordes who are already assembled at Santa Maria. Most of them have been cultivating a moustache, and are just now in that shabby stage which is the heavy price which vanity has to pay for subsequent gratification. A few weeks' campaigning will no doubt do wonders towards turning them into first-rate soldiers, and Englishmen may rest assured that, so far as the privates are concerned, the scheme, undertaken with an enthusiasm almost Quixotic, will end neither in failure nor disgrace. It is unfortunate that the same confidence cannot be felt about the commanders of the expedition. A gallant amateur colonel of almost European celebrity, has already given symptoms of the most entire incapacity to deal with all the troublesome details of organizing, controlling, and providing an irregular body of troops. Some of his subordinates have been employing their leisure at Naples in squabbles of the most unseemly nature, and one of them, not content with dressing himself up like a mountebank, has illustrated the polished chivalry of English blood by coming to fisticuffs with another officer at the principal *table d'hôte* in the place. The accounts of the expenses of the expedition are, it is understood, hopelessly perplexed. The authorities may be brave officers, but are certainly bad arithmeticians, and some very painful disputes, arising out of the general confusion, have hitherto been dealt with in so unwise a manner as to give little grounds of hope for any ultimately satisfactory adjustment. Happily, the men were sent up at once to the camp, where plenty of hard work, and possibly a little fighting, may perhaps afford an opportunity for effacing the blot which the behaviour of these foolish lads has brought on the national reputation for good sense and good breeding.

The troubled waters of revolution always bring a good deal of rubbish to the surface, and the Garibaldian movement has certainly proved no exception to the rule. For a few moments Mr. Edwin James floated high on the muddy wave, and, as he subsided, a worthy substitute appeared to enjoy the delights of a popular notoriety. Before one of the official residences at Naples may be seen a little squad of vigilant guardsmen, evidently deeply impressed with the solemn responsibility of their charge, and ready at a moment's notice to do battle for the eminent individual who is discharging the functions of statesmanship within. They are taking care of no less a person than Signore Alessandro Dumas, Honorary Director of the *Fine Arts*, friend of Garibaldi, and proprietor, editor, and principal curator of the *Museo Borbonico*, composer of sixteen columns of wisdom and goodness which, under the title of *L'Indipendente*, are brought every day, at the insignificant cost of three grains, within reach of the poorest Neapolitan. The history of this journal is as melodramatic as any six pages of *Monte Cristo*.

The day after Melazzo, we are told, the victorious general and the invincible man of genius were standing side by side, when Garibaldi suddenly hit upon a brilliant idea. "Dumas," he said, "you ought to start a journal." "General," replied the novelist, "give me a title, and I begin." Garibaldi took a pen and christened the yet unborn babe "*Indipendente*," adding that "it would all the more deserve that fair appellation because it would be the first to strike himself if he ever forsook his duties as child of the people and soldier of humanity." As he is not to spare even Garibaldi, still less, M. Dumas suggests, will he spare any one else. Financiers, writers, politicians, are to tremble alike under the withering impartiality of Parisian criticism. Able and zealous correspondents are to ransack creation to supply the pages of the *Indipendente* with the beautiful and true. The cunning hand of the wood-engraver will be busied to gratify the eyes with all that is loveliest in outline. All the great minds of the age—Michelet, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand—will contribute their shares towards this intellectual treasure-house. Above all, M. Dumas will constantly write an article himself, entitled the "*Politics of God*," in which he intends to vindicate the ways of Providence, and to explain the apparent confusions of terrestrial existence. Flushed with all the noble enthusiasm of a creative spirit in the very act of creation, M. Dumas was in the act of rushing off to Paris to complete the arrangements of the grand design, and to bring back a tribe of artists for its accomplishment. His luggage was packed, his foot was on the steamer, when an idea struck him. A departure at such a moment, was it not a desertion? Could Naples spare her Dumas—could Garibaldi dispense with his friend while thrones were falling around, while war still raged, while the Bourbon miscreant still lingered at Capua and the Pope at Rome, while crisis after crisis and fresh Ministries every twenty-four hours attested the feverish condition of the political atmosphere? No, Duty laid her hand on the departing child of Science—Conscience said, stay, and M. Dumas stayed accordingly, and wrote the first number of the *Politics of God*. A want of comprehensiveness is, we are told, the prevailing defect of contemporary journalism. Thoughtless people dash off leading articles without really reflecting "whence comes the past, whither goes the future." Between the scepticism of chance and the fatalism of Mahomet, M. Dumas points victoriously to the doctrine of Providential Supervision. There is a progress, but it is only great spirits that can explain it. Famous men little know the ends which they subserve, but the author of the *Trois Mousquetaires* does. Julius Cæsar, for instance, whose initials curiously are the same as those of Jesus Christ, unwittingly prepared Christianity. Charlemagne, a barbarian, prepared civilization. Napoleon, the despot, prepared liberty; but it was only from the heights of St. Helena that he desisted what he had been about. This is all clear and satisfactory; but a mystery still remains, and presses uneasily on the mind. No hero can be valet to himself, and the great man can hardly be expected to be his own interpreter. Who, then, shall explain to a wondering universe the final cause of M. Alexandre Dumas? At present his official functions have been confined to opening a chamber of indelicate pictures and to wishing that he had funds to provide seats for the Museum; but in the future of Italy and the world some noble rôle is doubtless in store for the *Indipendente* and its proprietor; and Dr. Cumming may possibly have a spare vial in his prophetic repository which would throw some light upon so astounding a phenomenon of cheerful ignorance and unconscious profanity.

TEETOTALISM AT MANCHESTER.

"THE Alliance"—that is, we presume, the Teetotal Society, which seems now to consider a descriptive epithet superfluous—held its seventh anniversary the other day at Manchester. There was a breakfast, a council, and a public meeting; and the spirit of the whole affair, was, as the official report informs us, harmonious and hopeful. Indeed, if drinking wine makes glad the heart of man, it would seem that doing without it leads to positive boisterousness. There are few who have not witnessed the elation of spirits which the flowing bowl will sometimes produce; but it is nothing in comparison with the rapture which follows on the surrender of its temptations. The speakers at the Alliance meeting could hardly have been more favourably received if they had offered to an ordinary assembly unlimited means of quenching thirst; and, with loyal regard to the traditions of the cup which cheers but does not inebriate, the more opposed was each orator to inebriation, the more certain he was to be cheered. The speeches certainly look less vigorous, for the most part, in print than they doubtless sounded at the moment; and when we read that Mr. Ayrton, M.P., supported a resolution, we look for a chastened, and generally quieting, eloquence; but it is impossible to conceive, without having seen it, the enthusiasm which animates abstinence. Mr. Bristed relates, among his college experiences, how the teetotal society of which he knew personally all the leading members held a solemn feast in honour of the increase of their number to two; but he does not describe the proceedings on the occasion as fraught with the demonstrations of excitement which perhaps on this anniversary were due, not to lemonade, but to the appearance of a dean who had lived on cold water for five years, and declares, amid cheers, that he has thriven on it.

The narrative of the meeting of the Council which is supplied by the *Alliance Weekly News*, is of course intended more for instruction than amusement. It affords information as to the extent to which the promoters of this movement are prepared to go. They seem to have unanimously carried a resolution in favour of district Maine Liquor Laws—to have condemned the Refreshment-house Act—to have seen through the fallacy of the "light-wine theory"—to have advocated the test of teetotalism as a *sine quâ non* at Parliamentary elections—and to have returned their best thanks to Mr. Jupe for his conduct in the chair. Mr. Mudge made, it appears, the striking remark, that drinking in the Cornwall mines was never heard of. Certainly it is not usual to find ale-houses scattered about the 200-fathom levels; but, if Mr. Mudge wishes to hint that the labourers in question do not drink intoxicating liquors above ground, we should particularly like to know what it is that makes the Cornish miners so frequently and so remarkably intoxicated. The Carlisle Chapter take their repose, we hope, elsewhere than in church; but it is hardly an argument for giving up the practice of sleeping, that that excellent body of men are never seen to close their eyes when their Dean is occupying the pulpit. It is, however, with the public meeting in the Free-trade Hall, not with the deliberations of the Council, that we are particularly concerned. Business occupied the day—the night was the time for eloquence. The reserved seats—paid for beforehand, the journal of the proceedings is careful to remark—were never so crowded; there were two members of Parliament present, one Dean, and one Alderman. Ulloa relates that drunkenness is, with the natives of Brazil, the especial privilege of masters of families. At Manchester the attacks on the monster vice are entrusted only to a good name or a great office. One M.P. came at the beginning of the evening, the other at the end, and the dignity of the Church between them. It is needless to say that the attention of the meeting was concentrated, as ours will of course be, on Dr. Close. That eminent divine and conscientious abstinent came forward once more in the light of a popular speaker, and again achieved applause. The last time we had occasion to remark the appearance of the Dean of Carlisle was in the character of a Lecturer on the Evidences, in which capacity he so nobly signalized himself by his bold protest to the working men against the dangerous tendencies of Mahomedanism. He now reappears in the old rôle of water-drinker, and has delivered a speech not inferior in vivacity to his earlier efforts. "Mr. Chairman," the very reverend gentleman began, "I suppose there are very few persons here who can tell what I am going to say." We should at once have guessed that there would be something about sudden conversions, a few touches on gorging fiends, and a fact or two about the amount of fourpence a day for forty years with simple interest. The audience, however, only cheered; and the speaker went on:—"I conclude that your applause must arise from the fact of there being a live Dean teetotaler before you (laughter and cheers). Not a creature dug out of the bowels of the earth, a megatherium, or some creature that once lived upon the earth, but a Dean that has lived five years upon God's ale—nothing but water (loud cheers)—and has thriven upon it, too." When we first read this passage we confess we were a little startled. It is hardly possible that Dr. Close is becoming a muscular Christian; and yet this is precisely the style of Mr. Kingsley. He goes on, moreover, to talk of the prophetesses of Israel, seems to speak in capital letters, and names directly the devil. There could not be more positive evidence of the Broad Church, and that branch of it especially which loves width of principles much, but breadth of shoulders more. It comes, no doubt, of the Dean's association with working men; and, when next we read a novel with a six-foot infidel for the hero, we shall feel but little doubt of its authorship not far from Carlisle. Dr. Close proceeds to say that he will not upon this occasion make any remarks on the nature of intoxication; he will leave it to his "dear and excellent friend, Mr. Gough." "He is the man," he kindly adds, "to describe a drunken man; I never saw anybody do it so well." But it is to the reflections which follow that we must invite particular attention. They contain an allusion to Mr. Gladstone's visit to St. George's-in-the-East, and result in an argument more profoundly obscure, more hopelessly intricate, more utterly and prodigiously unintelligible than any that we have ever met with from the lips of an evangelical speaker. The subject opens with a statement that 26,000,000*l.* is paid annually in taxes on "tobacco, snuff, and poison." It then breaks off into the Sunday riots in St. George's, and suggests the very possible consideration that the authors of the disturbance are given to indulgence in whisky. "And then," proceeds the mysterious Dean, "I thought that if Ministerial dignity submitted to a walk on a Sunday night all the way from St. George's-in-the-East to Downing-street, that as he passed every twenty paces one of these dens of ruin, infamy, and sin, and saw the poor dazed creatures creeping in and out, whether it ever struck him that his own salary was paid by the groans and tears of these poor creatures." For the grammar of the sentence, Dr. Close is perhaps not responsible; but the logical process by which this striking thought suggested itself to his fancy it quite passes our ability to conceive. What the Ministerial dignity can have to do with the opening of public-houses on Sunday—how the fact of the rioters being drunk bears on the pleasure of Mr. Gladstone in taxing them—why the misery of the victims of intemperance should be connected with that statesman's walk to church—and in what possible way the salary of the Chancellor should depend on the

degraded condition of the London poor—are questions which really demand for their solution nothing short of the powers of a Dean who publishes judicial decisions on the absence of talent in the Apostles.

There is much more interesting matter in Dr. Close's speech. He prophesies a judgment on the land if a restrictive measure on the sale of spirits is not passed, and declares that sixty thousand men annually sink, as he poetically expresses it, beneath the surges of drink. He praises highly a teetotal lady, wife of a clergyman at Shrewsbury, whom he mentions by name, with personal remarks on her dress. There was a tea and *soirée* at Shrewsbury, and a concert at which nobody sang but reclaimed drunkards. There was one man, Dr. Close proceeds, with a magnificent bass voice. A baronet expressed his admiration. "No," I said, "you never heard such music before in your life, because it is the music of the heart and soul of a man who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found." "I went up," adds Dr. Close—and we must pause to observe that it was a D.D. and a Dean who performed the act of magnanimity—"I went up to this bass singer, and thanked him for his singing!" The Very Rev. gentleman considers that on the question of the prohibition of spirits there ought to be universal suffrage. He himself very strongly advocates a legal enactment—he calls for resistance to the tyranny of the brewing interest, and declares that the wine of common life is extremely bad. This is usually thought a matter of individual taste, depending partly on the price of the article, and its greater or less connexion with Africa; but Dr. Close thinks otherwise. "I have become deliberately convinced," he says, "that all that stuff that is sold in the country under the name of stimulating liquors is a vile and poisonous compound; that it is not wine, and is not anything of a good creature of God, for God never made such stuff—that it is the manufacture of selfish men." Five years of water-drinking have apparently produced in Dr. Close an impression that pure wine is produced in nature ready manufactured, and capable of being sold in bottles. He concludes with the motto of determined aggression—*Delenda est Carthago*.

One protest only we have to make in respect of this crusade. It is intolerable that it should profess to be comprehensive, and yet leave half the work undone. What is the use of starting a campaign against a part of the noxious drink of the people, if they are to be allowed to persist in the use of another pernicious and unhealthy compound without any restriction at all? What business has the Alliance to advocate a Maine Law for the extinction of spirits, and leave ginger-beer untouched? Ginger-beer, in the condition in which it is often sold, is a most unwholesome and far from nutritive beverage. Many are the cases in which illness has been brought on solely by the use of ginger-beer. In our great cities especially are its effects felt; it has been computed that six hundred thousand people die annually either from the use of ginger-beer, or from some other causes connected with the digestion. It is truly sad to think how many of our countrymen are swallowed up by this raging demon—sunk, as it were, in ginger-beer! It is not ginger-beer—at least a great part of it—but a vile mixture of citric acid and sugar and cork. It is no use to talk of temperance in its use. One man may drink one bottle and be no worse, and another will drink three and be horribly ill. Nothing but the total abstaining from its use will answer. We have made a calculation, and discovered that, if a bottle of this pernicious drink costs threepence, and if a father of a family be in the habit of taking one bottle every day and two on Sunday, then, if he give up the custom, and put the money into a savings-bank instead, he will, with compound interest at ten per cent., have enough at the end of fifty years to buy a cottage and furniture, put his children to school, become an annual subscriber to the Teetotal Alliance, and take in weekly one hundred copies of the *Band of Hope*. We consider that Dr. Close and the Council who met at Manchester are bound, in the interests of philanthropy, not to rest in half-measures, but to set their faces boldly against the disastrous consequences which follow the unrestricted use of the deleterious compound we have suggested.

TAE-PING.

A GLIMPSE has been given to us of the process by which a new religion takes form and consistence. Had Gnosticism or Mahometanism had the advantage or disadvantage of springing up in an age which possessed its newspapers, its special correspondents, and the smaller anecdote of our own era, the *genesis* of either of these forms of faith, or even of Buddhism, might not perhaps have been found to differ much from that of which we know something, though that something is but little, in the case of the Tae-Pings of China. A political element seems to be necessary to a religious development. The Gospel itself was a protest against the social and political tyranny of old Rome. Islam has owed as much of its success to the idea of political unity which it embodied as to its proclamation of the unity of the Godhead. Mormonism is only one among many of those abortive Socialistic throes and heavings with which humanity from time to time protests against the accumulation of property. Ascending into the dim regions of myth and legend, it is usual to find the lawgiver and the prophet combined; and the revolution, religious and political, which at present seems likely to be accomplished in China, has been, perhaps, anticipated in the

career of Gotama-Buddha himself, did we know anything of his personal history.

In the East it does not seem to be requisite in a new faith that its founder should set out with a definite mission at all; and it is no exception to the normal history of religion that the Tae-Ping profession should have adopted an existing creed as its basis. Indeed, it is impossible that any religion should be strictly new. As Mahometanism, and even Mormonism, adopt the Sacred Books of the First and Second Covenant, so Tae-Ping, or Tien-Teh—for it seems to be not yet certain whether they were, or rather are, the same person—could not pass over the existence or influence of Christianity. It may be doubted whether the religious or the political idea, even if they can in any case be separated, suggested his insurrection or his reforms to Tien-Teh. Reform in China could take no other shape than that of rebellion. In the south-western fastnesses of the Empire there has all along existed a race of Pagan highlanders, who have never accepted either the Mantchoo yoke or the various religions which the intrusive dynasty indifferently permitted or encouraged. Representing something of the spirit of the European Carbonari, the Miotze tribes some years ago engaged in one of those outbursts of chronic disaffection which form the staple of Chinese history, under the inspiration of that mystic organization known as the Triad Societies, which were, perhaps, little more than a political conspiracy, although they are often supposed to embody the philosophic protest against the debased and material worship of China as it is. Representing or adopting these very natural disaffections against the existing Church and State of China, Tien-Teh, or Tae-Ping, if they are only names of the same person, became acquainted with the American missionary Roberts, and adopted something of Christianity with as much intelligence—certainly as much for his own purpose—as Mahomet is thought to have shown in availing himself of the Jew and the Syrian monk in elaborating the first idea of the Koran. Originally, the chiefs of this politico-religious disaffection were known by regal titles, derived from the points of the compass. The Southern, Western, and Eastern Kings, or Wangs—that is, the rebel chieftains whom we used to hear of ten years ago—have either, like the Irish cats, absorbed each other, or, like Mr. Roberts himself, who is now known in the euphemism of China as Lo-hiautsien, have been dignified under the superior authority of “the Celestial King,” Tae-Ping himself, with the more sonorous titles of Faithful King and Flourishing King.

To one of these gentlemen, the Faithful King, a missionary of the name of Edkins has recently paid a visit, and his report of the interview has been published in England. Impressed with the Royal condescension of this shabby barbarian, the good missionary seems to accept the respectable rebel as little less than a Cæsar, and as it is not often that a dissenting preacher gets access to anything which calls itself royalty, he made the most of his opportunities. It is quite possible that his Faithful Majesty is not much less of a real Christian than some who have borne a similar title in Europe, and perhaps Constantine adopted Christianity for reasons as forcible and as politic as those which have influenced Tien-Teh-Wang. But Mr. Edkins gives a very flattering account of his distinguished convert. Luther was not indisposed to relax something of evangelical morality in favour of an incontinent Elector, and Mr. Edkins follows the apostle of Protestantism. The Faithful King's Christianity is somewhat shaky in its orthodox profession; but Mr. Edkins addresses him as a brother, and the Christianity which they have developed is what we should expect from their knowledge and their views. Like Severus, they are not indisposed to the religion of Jesus; but the Celestial King is his younger brother. With the Trinity of the Gospel they associate their founder as another Avatar, and the blasphemous impostor Tien Teh, who has retired into a solitary dignity which does not allow him to interfere with matters so vulgar as the details of a campaign, receives divine honours at the hands of his satraps and subjects. Mr. Edkins must have adopted the doctrine of accommodation and economy to a very questionable extent when he ventured to say that he had heard the Faithful King's “religion was Christian like our own.” Mr. Edkins quotes the Visions of Hung-sin-tshuen as an authority, “which shows that, while the founder of the Tae-Pings has erred in regarding himself as the subject of immediate Divine inspirations, he is a sincere believer in Christianity.” What the Book of Visions says we are not aware, but the Celestial King not only claims divine inspiration, but to be himself divine; and as for his being a sincere believer, we may say the same of Joe Smith and Mahomet. The Royal religion seems to be possessed with something both of latitude and indifference. Like William of Deloraine, one of Mr. Edkins' friends among the insurgent leaders has not time or education to say more than his neck-verse; and the rest of his friends content themselves with the vaguest profession of Christianity. It was considered a scandal, and not unreasonably, in the Jesuit missionaries to accept as converts very indifferent professors on very scanty grounds of assent to the Christian faith; but the dissenting apostles, if Mr. Edkins fairly represents them, must no longer complain of the indiscreet zeal and indiscriminating conversions of Xavier and his compeers. If to confess “the Saviour of the world” and “our chief as the younger brother of Jesus” is not inconsistent with our common

Christianity, it would not be too much to say that Mormonism is itself Christian. Tien-Teh or Tien-Wang no doubt associated with the dissenting missionaries, and adopted some Christian forms and some Christian terms; but Mahometanism did the same. A scrap of the creed, combined with a profession of the divinity of a robber and a murderer, the observance of Sunday, and something which looks like baptism, are but scanty elements to recognise as a true Christianity; and it can only be in the most ignorant or the most bigoted circles that this horde of barbarians can be recognised as soldiers of the Cross. Less fervent religionists than Mr. Edkins are prepared to see in the Tae-Ping insurgents the pioneers of the Gospel; but it may be asked whether any real profession of Christianity ever succeeded to a heresy so monstrous as that which the Faithful King announced.

Simon Magus seems to be the nearest prototype that ecclesiastical history furnishes to Tien-Wang, and we all know what a foul and monstrous caricature and debasement of the Gospel Gnosticism became. A body of Chinese Gnostics is by no means an impossibility. Asia has always been prolific in the production of wild systems of Mysticism. China presents the elements of such a system in abundance. The disciples of the Tae-Ping do not find murder and robbery, anarchy and confusion, inconsistent with their profession; and the remarkable foulness of Chinese morality, and its actual Atheism, will be very inadequately superseded by the specious and blasphemous Christianity of Tae-Ping. And while, on political grounds, we deprecate the connexion of European interests with the success of the rebels, we protest against any identification of their religious profession with that of the Gospel. We are not asking that, in our relations with China, they should be treated as rebels against any legitimate sovereignty, for the effete Mantchoo dynasty is unable to preserve even the elements of good government, but it is too much to require that we should accept them as brothers in the faith.

We may remark how completely, in their wish to optimize the Christianity of the Tae-Ping insurgents, the Protestant missionaries surrender the entire substance of the old Protestant arguments against the recent ecclesiastical developments of the Latin Church. It is difficult to see how Tae-Pingism can be apologized for in the East, and Romanism attacked in the West. The old argument against Rome was that it was not the Christianity of the New Testament and the first ages; while the most recent and famous defence of Romanism as it is was on the doctrine that development was necessary to a living creed. It may be conceded that Tae-Ping believes in a Trinity. His followers pray to “the great Shang-Ti to grant grace, to pity, to save, and to preserve”—they pray “for the Holy Breath to change our wicked hearts”—they “trust in the redeeming merits of the Holy Saviour, the ancient Teacher, who is our elder brother in heaven.” But they “trust also on the merits of the learned Teacher of later days, the Eastern King who redeems us from disease, that they may in our stead pray our Heavenly Father, the great Shang-Ti, that his will may be perfectly done,” &c. It is unquestionable that the merits and intercession of the Saviour and of Tae-Ping are reckoned as of precisely the same efficacy; and if this is our common Christianity, it can only be on the same principle of development which has produced the worship and intercession of the Virgin and the Saints. A recent apologist of the Tae-Ping Revolution and Reformation, Mr. Scarth, to whom we are indebted for the Tae-Ping prayer which embodies their belief, says that they “teach and proclaim the same Christian religion as that of the Protestant missionaries.” If this be so, we can only say that this Protestantism is new to us in the West. No doubt the Tae-Ping religionists are iconoclasts—so iconoclastic that they destroy the images in the Roman Catholic chapels, as well as the idols of the Chinese temples. They have got up the verbiage of our tracts; they receive Bibles, and talk about the Sabbath. These are facts which have succeeded in conciliating the sympathies of the missionaries. But it is a curious chapter in the history of Protestantism to know what the “religion of the Bible and the Bible only” is capable of adopting and accrediting under the combined influences of the interests of religious party and of commerce. Not the slightest success has hitherto attended the attempts to convert the Chinese by the independent efforts of the missionaries. Conscious of their failure, the only alternative open to them is either to avow that China is inaccessible to extant Christianity, or to admit, not only that Christianity will bear a large development, but that such a development as that of Tae-Ping is to be met with the right hand of fellowship.

LE CANON EN 1860.

AN article under the above title was published in the *Revue Européenne* of last April, with the very natural and laudable intention of satisfying French readers that the Armstrong and the Whitworth guns were not the wonderful improvements they were said to be. The just susceptibility of the writer appears to have been disturbed by the exultations of the English newspapers, and he was anxious to declare the unimpaired confidence of France in “ces petits canons rayés” which are said to have gained the battle of Solferino. The article is curious, and in several respects instructive. We notice it for the sake of the aid it furnishes to understanding what are the real objects to be

aimed at in improving cannon, and because it attempts to show, and to some extent succeeds in showing, that the results attained with our own rifled guns are neither so new nor so important as we are willing to suppose.

Of course we are not surprised to learn that Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth, and the engineers of various other countries, were set to work by the news of "cette grande bataille de Solferino, où le canon de la France a joué un rôle capital." The fame of the "petit canon rayé" became great in Europe, and foreigners awoke from their slumber over smooth-bored guns, and tried hurriedly to imitate it. Very likely Frenchmen are able to enjoy this flattering belief, just as constant readers of the *Times* ascribe the commencement of iron-plated ships for the British navy to a series of leading articles which began to appear in that journal about six weeks back—quite forgetting that Sir John Pakington claims his country's gratitude for adopting this invention more than two years ago. The French guns have been the subject of "longues et mystérieuses études." The English and other foreign guns have been contrived with a haste which may prove to be bad speed. "Ces canons si vantés, si facilement inventés aussi" have not been tried, like the "canons rayés," on actual service, and the best test that can be obtained in the practice-ground is insufficient, and may prove fallacious. This last is an important observation, which deserves to be constantly remembered in the discussions about guns and armour-plates which now occupy the public mind. The range and accuracy of fire in these trials is not the only thing to look to. That sort of perfection "n'a qu'une valeur secondaire en face de l'obligation d'un bon, facile et durable service." The author of this sentence is perhaps not unwilling to believe that the English guns fail to satisfy this obligation. We shall see in time to come how this may be. Only let it not be forgotten now that the obligation here stated is paramount.

The writer is reasonably incredulous about the superiority of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns, because, as he says, the world has been taken in once already:—

Qu'on veuille bien se rappeler ces deux canons de Lancastre à qui, lors de notre établissement devant Sébastopol, au mois de Septembre 1854, semblaient réservés de si hautes destinées. Depuis plusieurs mois on annonçait bruyamment dans nos camps leurs prouesses futures: après quelques coups ils durent être abandonnés.

And he remarks with some justice upon the ignorant admiration with which the British public has beheld the flight of far-ranging shot. "Beaucoup de lecteurs, dépourvus de connaissances techniques, ont contemplé avec stupéfaction ces nombres énormes qui représentent les distances," &c. If they had known more of what has been done in France in the last few years, he thinks they would have been less prone to ecstasies, as is quite possible. Speaking of the general merits of the new English guns, he suggests the question, which must not be wholly disregarded, whether the English engineers are right in the preference they are now giving to breech-loading guns. He says that, *a priori*, one would think the English had adopted "un mécanisme susceptible de se détériorer par l'effet du tir;" but if they are right, the French officers must reconsider their own conclusion in favour of muzzle-loading guns. He admits that the Armstrong and Whitworth guns, when quite new, have made practice remarkable for range and accuracy; but "en sera-t-il de même après un service un peu prolongé?" He reminds his readers upon this point that many inventions in artillery "fort bien conçues en apparence, excellentes au début," have fallen into oblivion, either because they failed in durability, or because, after a time, they became troublesome. It remains to be proved, he says, that this will not be the fate of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns. He is so good as to hope that it will not; but he cannot help observing that the Armstrong guns are not so simple as could be desired, as is proved by our sending to China some of the inventor's workmen to superintend them. The announcement of this intention appears to have shocked all his ideas of military propriety:—

Cet aven nous a remis en mémoire ce bruit qui s'était répandu en Crimée, dans les premiers mois de 1855, qu'une compagnie Anglaise offrait de soumissionner l'exécution des tranchées devant Malakoff. En France, l'industrie est moins belliqueuse, nous le confessons, mais nous ne le regrettons pas.

In England, the interference of civilians in military matters, whether useful or injurious, is inevitable. The good results of this interference are not far to seek, and perhaps the worst harm it does is, that it makes the British public occasionally ridiculous. Conclusions hastily adopted are too apt to be proclaimed as infallible. In France, as this writer says, "Ce n'est guère l'usage de proclamer dans les journaux le résultat des recherches relatives à l'artillerie: on échappe ainsi à l'inconvénient des réclames prématurées." Our civilians err too commonly through their ignorance or disregard of considerations which are always present to the military mind. The plentiful boasting which we have heard about the enormous range of the new guns furnishes a disagreeable example of the danger of talking of what one does not understand. The article now before us puts the value of these performances in what may be to some readers a new light. The most important quality of a gun is stated to be simplicity. Those who have been to the late wars have learned how to value what is simple. Next to this comes facility of transport. "In these two respects," says the writer, "the French are singularly in advance of all their rivals." We may at any rate concede to them the merit of never having forgotten what a gun really has to do. The writer shows that, in land-battles, with which alone he is

concerned, the range ought generally to be limited to 1500 or 2000 yards, and that a range exceeding 3000 yards is almost always useless. He supposes that we have got a gun which would reach the enemy if we only knew his distance from us, which, unhappily, we do not. "A combien sommes-nous?"—that is the question of artillerymen when about to open fire. Recourse may be had to trial shots, but amid the smoke and other impediments it is not easy to observe where the balls strike. At 2000 yards this is very difficult, and beyond that distance it becomes impossible. And, besides, the battery may have to change its ground. If, indeed, the fire be nearly horizontal, mistakes of distance are less important, because at some point or other of its course the ball will not miss something that it can injure. But if the ball is fired at a high elevation, so as to obtain for it a vast range, it descends as if from the clouds, and its effect is confined to a single point. "Il érase un homme, à supposer qu'il s'en trouve précisément un au point de chute." But, in general, the man would get out of the way. This was what the French did in the Crimea, where two Russian batteries, nicknamed Bilboquet and Gringalet, fired at them for months at 3000 or 4000 yards without killing a single man. "Les boulets Russes arrivaient majestueusement sur le terrain Français, comme s'ils fussent descendus du ciel." The soldiers saw them coming, dodged them, and then dug them out of the ground as trophies. It is, of course, obvious to remark, that these Russian guns were not rifled, and that if they had been, they would have reached the same point with a lower trajectory, and would have made the French soldiers far more uncomfortable. But the story shows, as it was meant to do, the inutility of high elevations, such as that of 35°, with which a range of 10,000 yards has been obtained with the Armstrong and Whitworth guns.

It should be observed, too, that the accuracy of these guns at the same great ranges is not practically so valuable as has been assumed. It has been proved that several successive shots can be thrown very near together. Therefore if the first shot should hit a mark whose distance was unknown, the second and other shots would probably hit the mark also. But the difficulty lies in hitting the mark a first time. These considerations deserve more attention than they have received from the British public and its instructors. According to this writer France has obtained the just combination of range and accuracy with simplicity and facility of transport. He has proved to his own satisfaction "La supériorité du canon Français en 1860." Other countries are trying to improve upon the French model, but they are in danger of the sad mistake, "de faire consister la bonne solution du problème dans des portées exagérées et dans une justesse illusoire." This caution ought not to be neglected, although it comes from a writer who is under the necessity of flattering an Emperor. If blind to the shortcomings of one illustrious artilleryman, he has a keen eye for defects in the works of humbler men. After noticing that the Armstrong and Whitworth guns have attained a range of 10,000 yards he says:—

C'est assurément un curieux résultat de balistique (moins neuf cependant qu'on ne le croit en général) mais cette énorme amplitude de leur trajectoire demeure sans utilité pratique.

The "belliqueuse industrie" of civilians may profit by the observation that in war the simplest machine, if it answers its main purpose, is the best.

THE RECORD AND THE ANTIDOTE.

A SAD accident has lately happened to our amiable contemporary the *Record*. It has received a terrible Evangelical castigation from a journal of its own following. The *Antidote* (also called the *Constitution*), a little paper which appears to be taken medicinally by the Evangelical public every other week, complains bitterly of its elder sister's principles. The charge laid to the *Record's* door is, that it has pandered to popularity, and abandoned Christian truth. To uphold truth at all costs, says the fortnightly *Antidote*, is the office of the Protestant journalist. "Amicus," or rather "amica *Record*, magis amica veritas." Protestant papers which have sought to "poison the mind of the public against loyalty and truth are the most dangerous, as they are the most insidious, foes to the religion and constitution of the country." Here there is a clear case of poison, and the *Antidote* administers itself firmly and unshrinkingly. Accordingly, the *Record* catches it. It is classed, first, in the same category of sinful publications as the *Times*—the point of similarity about them being, so it is hinted, their harmlessness and impotency in the thunder line. Further, it is shown to have something in common with the organ of the publican party—the paper that lays claim to a "frothy and tap-room" kind of Protestantism. Its chastity and its sanity are equally impeached in the next place, for it is compared to the *Telegraph*, which unfortunate publication is briefly characterized as a mixture of meretriciousness and lunacy. Then it is accused of having entered into an unholy alliance with the *Star*. It is next put upon a par with the *Tablet*, the *Weekly Register*, and the *Nation*, those organs of the "great rebel party." Then it is denominated the loving ally of what are "lower than all these," the *Guardian* and the *Union*—those "veiled prophets of Popery," whatever veiled prophets may be. Finally, its statements are false and inexcusable; and, worst of all, it is accused, by insinuation, of being a toady and a

kind of spiritual tuft-hunter. If these awful and malignant denunciations are not enough to bring the editor of the *Record* to his knees and to cause him to take the most fearful vengeance on the editor of the *Antidote*, by representing that virulent assailant to be an eligible object for the nation's prayers, we do not know what will rouse him.

Which of the gods was it who sowed this terrible dissension between two of the spinster daughters of true piety? Whence sprang the dire strife between the *Record* and the *Antidote*? What made the *Antidote* call the *Record* names, and such dreadful names into the bargain? Was it Dr. Cumming's new work on *Redemption* which stirred the dispute? Was it a difference on the subject of the Beast, or a question of the interpretation of some of the Minor Prophets? Let the muse of history relate the origin of the quarrel. The *Record*, it was whispered, in some of its recent articles on the Canadian Orangemen had not "gone far enough." Its backwardness caused great grief of mind to the fortnightly *Antidote*, whose proud boast is that it goes further in the same amount of type than any paper of Protestant principles that ever has appeared. The *Record* stigmatized the conduct of the Orange Societies of Canada as worthy of all reprobation. The *Antidote* considers it, on the contrary, the one bright spot in a degraded age. Then the *Record* had further taken upon itself to disavow their proceedings in the name of the "great Protestant party" which it professes to represent. The *Antidote*, in a withering strain of satire, proceeds to argue that no such party ever existed. It knows of a "small Protestant party," but does not think that can be the party to which the *Record* alludes, for the *Record* is far from being its organ. "Indeed," says the *Antidote*, ironically, "we should be glad to know where that party is, who are its leaders, and what are its organs." Its remarks leave us in a state of no little melancholy. Can it be that the *Record* has been endeavouring to delude the Christian public by assuming to represent a party that in reality exists only in its own too fertile imagination?

It is an instructive thought for a reflective mind that great historical events have a tendency to repeat and reproduce themselves on a larger or a smaller scale. What is all this but a reproduction of what passed between those eminently respectable females, the late lamented Sarah Gamp and her condjutor Mrs. Prig? What the *Antidote* has been to the *Record*, that was Mrs. Prig to Mrs. Sarah Gamp—an occasional helpmate, a soother of the minds of innumerable Chuffies, and a companion—though perhaps an acrimonious and melancholy companion—for the sickbed. Both Mrs. Prig and the *Antidote* appear at rarer intervals upon the scene of action, and in a subordinate capacity. "Betsy Prig," Mrs. Gamp would remark, "is to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I desire." To take another point of resemblance, both Mrs. Prig and the *Antidote* seem to be in the habit of not bestowing all the sharp and acid properties of their disposition upon their enemies, but of keeping a considerable portion for their friends. The excellent Mrs. Gamp, on the other hand, like our friend the *Record*, had a provoking way of swelling her importance and corroborating her statements by perpetual reference to a celebrated third party, whose whereabouts was buried in mystery. This kind of thing neither Mrs. Prig nor the *Antidote* have been able to stand. "Both the great Protestant party," says the *Antidote*. "Both Mrs. Harris," said Betsy Prig. Mrs. Gamp, it is recorded, "looked at her friend with amazement, incredulity, and indignation, and Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer than before, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words, 'I don't believe there's no such a person,' after the utterance of which expression she leaned forward and snapped her fingers three times, each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them which nothing could ever bridge across."

If the editor of the *Record* had been caught reading a German work upon theology in private, or had been heard to express a belief in the infallibility of the Bishop of Oxford—or if the *Record* had given up praying for the conversion of its theological opponents, or had discontinued the "Portfolio," or committed any other crime of the kind—we should have stood by the *Antidote*. No punishment—not even a withering article in the *Antidote* itself—can be too severe for those who are even suspected of latitudinarian principles. A grave and experienced paper like the *Record* ought to be above flirtation. The Evangelical journalist has no business to coquet either with Germany or with Rome. But on this occasion we think that the *Record* has not deserved its reproach. To suspect it of excessive liberality is like accusing Aristides of injustice, or Dr. Cumming of pedantry. The charge refutes itself. Only let the *Record* publish its leading articles of the last month or two as an answer to the attack, and all may yet be well. What were its feelings on first hearing of the accusation we can with difficulty imagine. It had probably never been called liberal-minded during the whole dreary length of its career, and the epithet must give it a novel and perhaps not an absolutely unpleasant sensation. Perhaps it has just found out that it is a credit to be fast, and has determined to be rather dashing now and then. It is anxious to obtain a tea-table reputation, and is tired of being considered slow. Strange things happen; and if we live to witness the triumph of the *Antidote*, and the impeachment of the Duke of

Newcastle, we may live to see the day when the *Record* will be thought "a nice paper, but very unsettled in its views."

As for the *Antidote*, it is to be confessed that it is a very remarkable journal. We do not remember to have ever seen anything like it before. We have said that it "goes" farther than the *Record*. Now, anybody who does not think the *Record* goes far enough must be a kind of theological Sepoy, who is for sparing neither women nor children, but for including all in one common polemical massacre. Who may be the people that buy a journal of this kind is a curious reflection. They must be of a denunciative turn of mind, and must live in great terror of the Pope. Very possibly they are Irish Protestant ladies, who live in England for the sake of the Exeter Hall meetings. If they are at all excitable and nervous people, they are likely to be a good deal affected once a fortnight by the perusal of the *Antidote*. The series of letters now in course of publication from the terrible "Edward Harper," a gentleman who seems to have something preying on his mind, to the "Right Hon. Lord Viscount Palmerston," beginning "My Lord," and recommending the immediate impeachment of the Duke of Newcastle, are enough to upset any woman. "While I write," says the gloomy being who signs himself by the above name, "deeds of dark traitorism against the sovereign and laws of England, and of degrading subserviency to that foreign potentate, the Pope, whom with their lip oaths they disowned, come rushing unwelcome to my memory; but, though the list is long and hideous, I will not take more than a single instance, and that shall be of the Duke of Newcastle." If this be not the production of an Hibernian pen, we are sadly deceived. We think we know the twang of Erin's lyre too well to be mistaken. The true Irish polemist is the only orator who is always silly and ignorant, and always in a passion.

Had the *Record* not been so cowardly as to shrink from a personal encounter with the *Antidote*—had it not, upon being accused of treason to the cause of Protestant truth, shrunk sinfully into its shell—those who had been lucky enough to hear of the battle would have been witnesses of a remarkable conflict. The editor of the *Antidote*, we read, has solemnly challenged the editor of the *Record* to meet him either with the pen or on the platform, to settle by ordeal of battle the merits of the Canadian Orangemen. Had this event come off it would have been a very interesting one. Neither *Record* nor *Antidote* are at all wanting, apparently, in powers of denunciation or theological Billingsgate. But we think we would back the *Antidote*, if they had the gloomy gentleman who writes about impeaching the Duke of Newcastle for their champion, and if neither paper was to be allowed to take to praying for the other; otherwise the *Record* would have the advantage, as being the most experienced in that species of spiritual warfare. However, the *Record* has made up its mind to be silent, and has nothing to urge in its defence. Perhaps it feels that it had been indiscreet. On a previous occasion—three years back—when a similar charge was brought against it, the *Record* did not answer in print, but wrote a private letter to that *enfant terrible*, the editor of the *Antidote*, entreating him, apparently, to hold his tongue. This was rather mean of the *Record*. It ought to have nailed its colours to the mast, and stood by its own opinion. But then it is also a little mean of the *Antidote* to rake up this old story of the private letter, so that really it is somewhat difficult to know with which of the two to sympathize. On the present occasion, the *Record*, so far as its language went, was in the right, for the conduct of the Canadian Orangemen was so infamous that any respectable Englishman, and most respectable Irishmen, would be ashamed of it. But then, again, the *Record* seems to be ashamed of having been ashamed of the Orangemen, so that it is not easy not to be ashamed of the *Record*. The best and most satisfactory manner of settling the question is for the *Record* to close with the *Antidote's* proposal, and for the two to fight it out, in strictly Evangelical language. All of us will be happy to see that there is fair play, and that neither takes an improper advantage over the other.

REVIEWS.

REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.*

ACCORDING to his almost annual custom, Dr. Cumming has produced another book, which, as he justly observes, "does not pretend to any originality," or "to impart any new light to the scholar." It would certainly be the height of impudence if it did, inasmuch as, by the author's own admission, every part of it that is not composed of the washy rhetoric of which (with a greater or less infusion of greasiness) such preachers always compose their sermons, is derived from four or five authors whose works Dr. Cumming "has studied with intense interest," and whose conclusions and arguments he has transferred wholesale to his own pages. The cool impudence of this process is unapproachable. Dr. Cumming once published a book called *Apocalyptic Sketches*, which was nothing more nor less than an unauthorized abridgment of Mr. E. B. Elliot's *Hours Apocalypticæ*. It would seem, from his own statements in his

* *Redemption Draweth Nigh; or, the Great Preparation.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London. 1860.

present volume, that he considers this conduct perfectly justifiable if it is only avowed with an openness which, before he was found out in Mr. Elliot's case, he did not practise.

Dr. Cumming's modest disclaimer of scholarship is very like his admission that he wants originality. It comes a little too late. On former occasions, we have exposed his ridiculous ignorance of the classical languages which he delighted to quote. In his present volume, he has taken warning, and has cautiously abstained from both Greek and Latin. Here and there a single Greek word is modestly inserted in his pages, but the dismal labour of reading his book is no longer relieved by the amusement of such a quotation as *Rem quomodo rem*, or such a derivation as *unpolite*, living out of the city. It is true that the flood of frothy eloquence is occasionally illuminated by flashes of ignorance, but they are trifling in comparison to the glorious displays of old. Bagdad, we are again informed, is situated on the Euphrates; Gomerland has ceased to mean Cumberland, and is now asserted to be Germany; and we are favoured with the following specimen of mathematics—a branch of ignorance which, as far as we know, has hitherto been unexplored by this prolific author. God, it is asserted, cannot have set the earth going in its orbit once for all, as certain "pseudo-philosophers" assert, because in that case it would long ago have stopped. "We know by the law of dynamics, all forces, unless kept up, must ultimately exhaust themselves. If you set a wheel revolving, it will revolve as long as the impulse lasts; it gradually becomes slower and slower, and then stops. Now, if God gave this orb its impulse on its axis and in its orbit, that impulse either will cease by exhaustion, or it will be continued as often as he renews it." It is, of course, difficult to give a formal refutation of the opinion that when Isaiah spoke of Tarshish he meant England, or that when he spoke of Gomer and his bands he meant to refer at once to Russia, Germany, and France; but it is curious to see how, whenever Dr. Cumming comes out of the region of haze into broad daylight, he exposes himself. Though he talks about the "law of dynamics," it is obvious that he is ignorant of the first law of motion, which is that if, by the application of any force, a body is set in motion, it will (in the absence of disturbing causes) move on in a straight line indefinitely. The reason why a wheel set rolling stops is not that the force which originally moved it is worn out, but that it is counteracted by friction. If, according to Dr. Cumming's strange hypothesis, God were constantly pushing the earth, its motion would be constantly accelerated. If it had once received a single push, and there had been no other body in the universe, it would have gone on in a straight line to all eternity.

We do not wish to dwell on Dr. Cumming's defects. It is, in fact, slaying the slain to do so. Gross ignorance and wretched bad taste are as wearisome as they are mischievous; but the popularity of such an author, and the serious and submissive attention with which people who ought to know better listen to his nonsense, suggest some curious reflections. The theory developed in his present book is shortly this—that certain chapters in Isaiah and Ezekiel denote, being interpreted, the following series of events which are just going to begin:—The French and Russians together are to make an irruption to the South; there is to be a general war among all the nations of Europe; England ultimately is to restore the Jews to Palestine; Russia and France are to be "utterly destroyed upon the mountains of Israel, amidst a slaughter the most terrific that has ever occurred in the history of the world;" the Popedom is to come to an end; the second advent is to take place, and the millennium to begin in or about the year 1867 or 1868. This is Dr. Cumming's theory, taken, as he says, from various other authors. He does not insist on it as an article of faith, but he thinks it extremely likely to come to pass. We need not dwell on his minor arguments. Those who like may read how "vessels of bulrushes" mean steamboats, and "swift beasts" stand for railways; how Tarshish and his young lions mean England, which possesses Gibraltar, which is near Tarifa, which was once called Tartessus, which may stand for Tarshish; whilst the Royal Standard boasts of lions "both passant and rampant." The greater contains the less, and if Isaiah and Ezekiel really did foretell the Crimean campaign, and predict the approaching destruction of Russia, France, and the Popedom by an alliance between England and the Jews, it would be idle to object to an interpretation of particular words. Rosh may mean Russia, and Tarshish, for what we know, may be the *Times* newspaper, Edinburgh Castle, or Burns' Poems. To many persons, however, the one proposition seems just as likely to be true as the other; and it is an interesting question how it comes to pass that to some people Dr. Cumming's theories should appear so intolerably silly as to be quite unworthy of serious consideration, whilst they are looked upon by a very large number of persons, who, in ordinary matters, are by no means destitute of shrewdness, with respect and not without a suspicion that they may be true.

The difference of opinion will be found, we believe, to resolve itself into a difference of education. There is one point in which Dr. Cumming and his critics would probably agree respecting the interpretation of prophecies. Supposing it to be assumed that a particular prophecy is of divine origin, and that it is intended to specify the leading events in the future history of the world, his critics would contend—and he would probably admit—that those who attempt to predict the events before they occur ought to

make their predictions consistent with historical analogies, and with those moral attributes of the Deity which may be supposed to be manifested in the moral government of mankind. Facts of course supersede all argument. A plague, a famine, a bloody war, a convulsion of nature, like an earthquake or a volcanic eruption, silence speculation. It is altogether impossible, in the absence of special revelation, to say what the moral of such events may be, or whether they have any. But this is not the case with conjectures. A man who volunteers an opinion as to the general progress of events is bound to invest them with some sort of moral, and to show that the history of mankind, as he conceives it, points to some sort of result. Every one acts on this principle, and Dr. Cumming amongst the rest. He obviously thinks that the greatest success, so to speak, which human history could attain would be the utter destruction of the Papacy, the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and a sudden miraculous renovation of the earth, in which all the people who ever lived whom he would describe as good should go on living indefinitely. He personally could take his readers to "many a Highland glen" beautiful enough to serve as a perpetual habitation if only there were no sin in the world. There was once a little girl who lamented that the only use of being good was that after death she would sit and sing hymns on a damp cloud. Perhaps Scotch patriots might doubt whether the enjoyment of perfect innocence would reconcile them to the prospect of passing a thousand years in Glenoe, listening to Dr. Cumming's addresses. Possibly hymns and damp clouds may give to the millennial Scotchman that peculiar gratification which oatmeal porridge affords to his untranslated predecessors.

The general views of the interpreter are, to say the least, as limited as his personal tastes. The sort of destiny which he predicts for mankind is as absurd as if he were to say that in seven years' time the Dragon of Wantley would come to life and eat us all up. The great enemy, the Antichrist, he says, is the Papacy. Is it possible for any one who looks at history to believe in this, unless his eyes are utterly blinded by theological hatred? It is easy enough to understand how, two or three centuries ago, when controversy had reached a climax, and when polemical theology was cultivated with a degree of interest and ardour which attached to no other subject of human thought, rival divines should describe the Churches to which they respectively belonged by all the hard names that they could find in the Bible; and the blind traditional way in which such nicknames are handed down from generation to generation will explain the fact that they are still bandied about by a number of clergymen who have a good deal of a certain sort of learning. But the fact that a considerable number of not unintelligent laymen attach some sort of weight to them is a melancholy proof of the cramped and feeble way in which people are usually content to think upon theological matters. The commonest acquaintance with history shows that it is totally absurd and monstrously unjust to speak of the Roman Catholic Church as a mere nuisance, the simple destruction of which would be an immense advantage to mankind. That the Roman Catholic Church has bestowed inestimable benefits on mankind in a great variety of ways is one of the most trite of all commonplaces. It is hard to say how Christianity itself could have survived the crash of the Roman Empire and the fierce conflicts of the different kingdoms which were afterwards established in Europe without the support which the independent organization of the spiritual power gave to religion and morality. The obligations of law, literature, agriculture, personal freedom, and all the other elements of civilization, to the Romish clergy are almost equally great. At the present day, a very large fraction of the human race see Christianity through that medium alone. This being so, it seems almost inconceivable that any one should either believe, or even persuade himself to believe that he believes, that Popery is a mere evil to be miraculously destroyed. That it involves a variety of evils we all know. That there is nothing supernatural or mysterious about it is what all Protestants believe; but there is neither justice nor common sense in describing an immense institution which in some points is very corrupt, and which makes, with very little effect, a vast number of antiquated and exaggerated claims to obedience, as an Antichrist, a mere nuisance, and an intolerable evil, the utter and miraculous destruction of which would be the great step to a final happy consummation of all human history. There is just the same sort of justice and probability about Dr. Cumming's account of the Papacy that there was about the language which the most narrow-minded and ignorant of the Radicals used to employ, thirty or forty years ago, about the unreformed Parliament. There were a certain number of what, in expressive slang, are called "raws," about rotten boroughs and sinecures, which every wretched little pothouse orator who had a small amount of fluency and could get up a few statistics at second-hand could declaim about to an ignorant audience in search of excitement; and Dr. Cumming's position is just about as dignified—except, indeed, that he flatters passions which are almost meaner, that he exposes himself to no danger, and that his performances have absolutely no practical tendency whatever.

Foolish abuse of the Roman Catholics is perhaps entitled to some sort of consideration on account of its traditional popularity. It is a folly in which Protestant clergymen may claim a sort of prescriptive right to indulge themselves. But Dr. Cumming goes a long way beyond this. Another event which appears to him

very likely to form an item in the blessed consummation of all things is the utter destruction of Austria, Russia, and France, which are to be miraculously overthrown, whilst England, with the help of the Jews, is to sit by, "pursuing its sublime mission, and shall not fail until it melt into the millennial day," and the curtain of the world's history falls on Dr. Cumming, singing Hallelujah in a Scotch mist. Holy Willie's prayer was nothing to this:—

Cursed be their basket and their store,
Kail and potatoes.
But Lord remember me and mine
With mercies temporal and divine,
That I with grace and gear may shine
Excell'd by none.
And all the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

If, by some miraculous interposition, France, Austria, and Russia were suddenly destroyed, of course there would be no more to be said; but surely the man who thinks such an event likely to happen in a few years' time must have the strangest notion of his Maker's attributes. We English are sometimes taunted by foreigners with our insular bigotry and selfishness; and certainly, if Dr. Cumming were anything like a fair specimen of his countrymen, there would be no other answer to the taunt than silence and confusion. If any spectacle can be at once more contemptible and more disgusting than that of a fanatical Irish Bishop who makes a prayer for the repose of souls that were never disembodied the occasion for insulting the institutions which allow him and his to talk treason without even the ordinary restraints of grammar, it is that of an equally fanatical, and even more ignorant, Scotchman who indulges in a sort of pious chuckle over the notion that his Maker is about to destroy utterly three of the greatest and most illustrious nations in the world, by way of exalting that to which he unfortunately belongs. Dr. Cumming acts towards Austria, France, and Russia the part of a sort of milk-and-water Jonah. But Jonah had, at any rate, more sensibility. He shrank from communicating to those whom it concerned the awful revelation which he was commanded to make; whereas Dr. Cumming, with little apparent regret—and, indeed, with a sort of national exultation, which, if it were sincere would be inexpressibly horrible—anticipates a far more awful destruction, called for by no special wickedness, merely because he thinks it the sort of thing which his Maker is likely to do, and may therefore be supposed to have been foretold by certain obscure intimations uttered more than 2000 years ago. Dr. Cumming's real excuse is, that he does not mean what he says—that he writes in a sort of conventional strain about Rosh, Dedan, Sheba, Togarmah, and Gomer—and that he is only repeating, in what he finds by experience to be an attractive form, the matter which he has collected from men who are far more effectively blinded to the realities of life by professional prejudices than any Roman Catholic can be by the somewhat wider traditions which are his conditions of thought.

There is one trait in Dr. Cumming's present volume which deserves notice. It stands in need of no illustration, and is sufficiently exposed by the juxtaposition of two passages. In page 352, he says—"I pity from my heart people that are always prosperous, people who have plenty of money, lands, estates, dignities. I pity rich men; I should not like to die a rich man. They have fewest of the seals and tokens of God's favour," &c. The dedication of the book is as follows:—

To the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Stafford.

Dear Marchioness of Stafford,—I feel it no common pleasure to be allowed to dedicate this work to your Ladyship.

You heard the greater part of this volume, in the form of lectures, from the pulpit; and, you were good enough to tell me, with profit and pleasure.

I have also often conversed with your Ladyship on these glorious themes, and never without advantage from the remarks of a thoughtful mind.

Permit me, therefore, to inscribe the work to your Ladyship as a humble expression of respect and esteem, as well as of thanks for your munificent aid, and still more unwearied personal attention to our numerous schools, &c. &c.

Does Dr. Cumming pity the Marchioness of Stafford, or do his observations apply to rich men only, as distinguished from rich women?

BUREAUCRACY IN RUSSIA.*

THE mystery under which the political condition of Russia has been buried has always given a peculiar piquancy to all revelations professing to unveil it. The result is that no subject has been so prolific in trashy literature. Few men of any real information have written upon it, for those who had information to give have generally had reasons of their own for being silent. Fanatics like Mr. David Urquhart, and exiled Poles blinded by the recollection of their own personal wrongs, have had almost a monopoly of these attractive disclosures. There have been some exceptions to this rule, but not enough to make a calmer and more impartial survey of Russian institutions by one who has had ample opportunities of observation otherwise than very welcome. Most works upon Russia, in a Liberal sense, have been disfigured by a tendency to savage personal abuse of the Russian sovereigns, which gives a damaging appearance of vindictiveness to every hostile statement. Prince Dolgoroukow

is an advanced Liberal in his opinions, and he has suffered sufficiently in person from the peculiarities of Russian institutions to give a thorough zest to his exposure of them, but he does not think it necessary for the purpose of advancing his cause to represent the Emperor Nicholas as a Nero or an Elagabalus. Moreover, though his condemnations are strongly worded, they have no subversive or inflammatory aim. He merely lays bare that he may cure. For every evil that he points out he has a remedy to suggest; and there is nothing in his proposals that would be thought revolutionary even in Austria. It is at all events a hopeful sign for Russia that her critics see sufficient prospect of amendment to enable them to speak of her defects in terms of moderation.

Proud of his descent from the Norseman Rurik, the Prince begins his book by telling us that Russia is "an immense edifice with a European exterior, and adorned with a European façade, but with Asiatic furniture and housekeeping inside. The vast majority of Russian functionaries, disguised in dresses more or less European, proceed in the exercise of their duties like true Tartars." But the rest of the book does not bear out this epigrammatic and trenchant description. A passing acquaintance with Yeh has initiated us into the mode in which "true Tartars proceed in the exercise of their duties," and Koorshid Pasha's political system may be taken as a fair specimen of the kind of government which is vaguely known as Asiatic. The Prince does not describe Russia as the victim of the methodized butchery which perpetuates upon a race the evils which a barbarian inroad only transiently inflicts. Another epigram, a little further on, sums up with more accuracy the political disease under which Russia is sinking. "*L'Empereur regne, la bureaucratie gouverne*" is the theme of the whole book. He does full justice to the good intentions with which the present Emperor ascended the throne, and which he has done his best to carry into execution. But there is no error more complete than the popular notion that the Emperor of Russia is autocratic. It is not given to man to be autocratic on so vast a scale. A political constitution may in words give him omnipotence, but it cannot give him omniscience, and without the omniscience the omnipotence breaks down. He can only decide upon the information he receives, which must come to him through human channels—he can only act by the instrumentality of human agents. He is at the mercy of his officials, because he must see with their eyes and work with their hands. He may investigate as much as he pleases, but it is through them that the answers to his questions must come. He may decree what he pleases, but it is they, and they alone, who can give to his ukases any effect. In free countries, the enormous power which a bureaucracy has of deceiving its master as to facts, or nullifying his resolutions in practice, is checked by a free press, which is the most penetrating, as well as the most trustworthy, of all spies. In most despotic countries, the misdeeds of the bureaucracy are curbed either by a sentiment of honour handed down from freer and better times, or by the occasional introduction of high officials from other untainted portions of the community, who have no class interest in the maintenance of corruption. But in Russia barbarism has been too recent, despotism too enduring, and the Asiatic tone of the race too pronounced, for the sentiment of honour to be of much efficacy in a service in which corruption has become prescriptive. And the other guarantee—the employment, for the purposes of supervision, of high officials drawn from independent sources—the Emperors have deliberately renounced. The *tschine*, or official hierarchy, as it was finally established under the Emperor Paul, absolutely precludes the sovereign from selecting an independent man for an important employment. Every man must run through the whole long ladder of official grades, one after the other. Neither ability, nor reputation, nor the Emperor's favour can raise a man to office who has not worked up through the regular series. This gives to the bureaucracy an *esprit de corps*, a compactness, and a tenacity of its traditions which Emperors or Ministers fight against in vain. Every man who is at the top of an office has been once at the bottom. He has been steeped from his youth up in a bath of corruption. He has felt the impossibility of living in the dearest country in the world on pay which would not keep an English housemaid. He has experienced the necessity of bribing his superiors, and has been driven, by sheer want, to receive bribes himself. His conscientious difficulties, if he ever had any, are long quelled. The only principle he has recognised for years is to get all he can and to stand by his order. From such an auxiliary a Minister who seeks to eradicate corruption is not likely to get anything more solid in the way of assistance than an ostentatious profession of purity.

Before this bureaucracy, thus knit together, every rival authority has been beaten down. The nobles have theoretically the right to express their opinions, on matters that concern them, in their local assemblies; but only the other day the President of one of these assemblies was sent into exile for having signed his name to opinions on the serf question displeasing to the official hierarchy. The Church is nominally independent in spiritual matters, and the metropolitans belonging to the synod are irremovable; but that does not hinder them from being exiled from St. Petersburg if their views are disliked by the Government. The lower clergy are reduced to that abject degree of dependence that they are often used as instruments for revealing to the secret police all that can be found out in the confessional. The press, as being

* *La Vérité sur la Russie*. Par le Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow. Paris: Franck. London: Jeffs. 1860.

the most dangerous enemy a bureaucracy can have, has been the most vehemently persecuted. The present Emperor has made some efforts in its favour; but the constant and dogged resistance of the officials has almost neutralized them. Under the late reign—and the amendments under the present reign have only been fitful and precarious—the object of the press laws was not only to coerce, but to harass and wear out those who devoted themselves to the pernicious art of writing. There was not one censorship only, but a dozen, to each of which a writer must submit himself if he happened to stray into its allotted department of thought. In any case he must pass through the office of the regular censor; but he must generally do a great deal more. If he touched upon foreign affairs, his lucubrations must go before the Foreign Minister; if he alluded to the Royal family, he must have the approval of the Minister of the Court; if he said anything about railroads, he must take the opinion of the Minister of Roads and Bridges; if he mentioned Poland or Caucasus, he must obtain the *imprimatur* of the Lieutenant-Governors of those two countries; and so on through a dozen offices. After he had run this gauntlet and published his lucubration, he was still liable to a journey to Siberia if the secret police found in it anything not to their liking. It is needless to say that the bureaucracy had not much to fear from the indiscretions of the Russian press. Prince Dolgoroukow tells one or two good stories of the Justice Shallow sort of wisdom with which these rigorous laws were executed, which deserve to be reproduced:—

A cette époque il fut défendu de donner aux chevaux les noms des saints ou des saintes du calendrier, et l'on discuta en pleine séance du comité de censure, si cette défense était applicable seulement au calendrier de l'Eglise de l'Orient, ou bien également au calendrier de l'Eglise d'Occident. La dernière opinion finit par prevaloir. Voici encore deux faits. Le mot de *coucou* doux fut rayé des livres de cuisine, par la raison que tout en signifiant *bainmarie* il voulait dire en même temps *esprit libre*. Un homme dont le chien s'appelait *Tyrann* ayant perdu son caniche et le faisant réclamer par le vois des journaux, la censure ne permit point l'impression du nom de *Tyrann*, et obligea les journaux à insérer que l'on promettait une récompense honnête à celui qui ramènerait un caniche répondant au nom de *Fidèle*!

Whether the dog patriotically lent himself to this ingenious arrangement and allowed himself to be recovered by his wrong name, is not recorded.

With all their enemies—nobles, clergy, and press—thus put under their feet, the bureaucracy have had a good time of it. They have set the Emperor's will and the laws of the Empire at defiance, made every reform all but impossible, and organized a system of universal pillage. Every act, judicial as well as administrative, in which a Government comes in contact with its people, passes through their hands, and involves a bribe according to the applicant's means. But they are not satisfied with being bribed by those who require their aid; their richest harvest is from those who dread them and have need to buy off their interference. Here is a Polish specimen:—

This is how they proceeded: they seized a man who was rich or comfortable and threw him into prison. An agent of police deputed for that purpose came to find him in his cell. "Of what am I accused?" demanded the wretched man. "Of having taken part in the last revolution." "But I remained quite quiet, apart from every political movement." "So much the better; it will be easy for you to justify yourself after having undergone one or two interrogatories." "When shall I be interrogated?" "Well, every one is interrogated in his turn, according to the date of his incarceration." "Will my turn come soon?" "Hem! there are more than two thousand persons imprisoned before you. You may very likely remain in prison for two or three years." Seeing the effect produced by this declaration upon the prisoner, the agent of police insinuated that, with a certain sum of money, according to his means, he might obtain immediate liberation. He paid it, and found himself free on the spot.

The book is full of such tales of the extortion and venality of the bureaucracy. Anecdotes are always unstable supports of a general proposition; but two statistical facts, if they may be accepted on the Prince's authority, abundantly establish his charges, without any assistance from doubtful gossip. All dissenters from the Greek Church are proscribed by Russian law, and are professedly hunted down by the police. But, nevertheless, the number of "old believers," recusants to the reformation of the Patriarch Nikon, reaches nine millions of souls, without counting any of the other Oriental dissenters from the State Church. The solution of this anomaly is, that they are frugal and active people, and amass a great deal of money, and with that golden key all the laws and all the offices of Russia are at their command. A still more striking fact is the enormous importation of prohibited literature. There are five or six Russian printing presses in Europe where works that would not pass the Russian censorship are printed, and then smuggled across the frontier:—

It is to no purpose that Russian books printed abroad are forbidden in Russia. They enter wholesale, and circulate with prodigious rapidity. The administration and political police being utterly venal, instead of opposing, have favoured, the creation of this new branch of illicit revenue; the agents of the Russian Government laugh at it and fill their own pockets. Even in the worst days of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, at the period when the political police spread terror over Russia, there was no forbidden book that could not be procured and circulated, thanks to the venality of the police. I speak from experience.

M. Herzen, a well-known refugee, of extreme Socialist opinions, prints in London every fortnight a Russian journal, entitled the *Bell* (*Kolokol*). In this journal all acts of injustice or malversation which come to his knowledge are printed and commented on; and, if our author is to be believed, this and other productions of M. Herzen's enjoy a large circulation in Russia, and are to be found in every, even the remotest province of the Empire.

The evils which this system has brought on Russia are well known to all the world. Even on the point where despotic Sovereigns feel the most keenly, it has wounded them the most deeply. All the arts of the bureaucracy have not been able to hide from the late Emperor or from his son the frightful malversation which the disasters in the Crimea brought to light. There is little ground for believing that, if another war equally formidable were to occur, the malversation would be less reckless or the disasters less terrible. It is notorious that the bureaucracy have brought the Russian finances into that condition that a foreign war is for Russia almost an impossibility. She could not pay her troops in any place where her depreciated paper money will not circulate. It is a humiliating position for a powerful and wealthy Empire to be brought to by sheer maladministration. Whether the Emperor Alexander will have the strength of mind to apply the only two remedies that can cure the evil—publicity and representation—remains to be seen.

THE PAPAL SOVEREIGNTY.*

A TRANSLATION has just been published of the Bishop of Orleans' defence of the Papal Sovereignty, which is on many accounts well worth reading. We in this country are apt to assume, with such perfect confidence and satisfaction, that the Pope and his supporters have an absolutely indefensible cause, that it is interesting to see what is to be said on the other side. The Bishop of Orleans is an able and—according to the taste of his country—an eloquent advocate, though he writes with that curious mixture of vanity, petulance, and bitterness which almost always makes the reading of French controversies a dreary task. His book is very little calculated to influence English readers; and, indeed, it is hardly addressed to us, though it contains about sixty pages of that sort of vituperation of England which, for some reason or other, French Catholics appear to enjoy, and to which we in this country are as indifferent as we are to last year's bad weather. Under the heading of "England—her Blindness and Injustice," we have a repetition of all the well-established commonplaces which Frenchmen repeat with infantine complacency about our various atrocities—how we have oppressed, and do oppress, the Irish; how we oppress India and the Ionian Islands, pack juries, flog soldiers, and generally play a sort of rawhead and bloody-bones part in the world on every occasion. "Hardly a century ago, did you not crush, with the most pitiless barbarity, the revolt of the last partisans of the Stuarts?" . . . "Ah! when a people has before them Ireland, such a name and such recollections, how is it possible that they do not, for very shame, moderate their language." A list of the old penal laws (copied imperfectly from those which Louis XIV. and his successor passed against the French Protestants) is triumphantly quoted from Sydney Smith, and the famine of 1846, and all its consequences, are laid to the account of English misgovernment—as if we had passed a law compelling every Irish peasant to marry at eighteen and bring into the world ten or twelve children whom he had no means of supporting except bad potatoes, and requiring every Irish gentleman to live beyond his income and to mortgage his estate for the purpose of keeping hunters and getting drunk on claret. There is a sort of thin, querulous *bona fides* about the stereotyped denunciations of England which French writers delight in, which is to be ascribed in part to the ignorant vanity that pervades almost all their criticisms on foreign countries, and partly to that absence of any sense of humour which belongs to them in at least an equal degree. They do not seem to see that there is a strong antecedent probability that the noisy lamentations of Irish patriots must be more or less absurd. The Bishop quotes all the proceedings of a meeting at Dublin, in which "The O'Donoghue of the Glens" talked what in almost any other European country would have been called high treason, and adds, "It is with admiration that we relate such scenes." He would probably be surprised if he could realize to his own mind the fact that the utmost emotion which "The O'Donoghue of the Glens" could possibly succeed in creating in this country, by the most frantic threats and the most eloquent denunciations, would be a sort of humorous displeasure which could hardly be raised to the pitch of active contempt. That Ireland was once ill-used every one admits, but to tax this generation with oppressing Ireland is just the sort of folly in which one would expect to see a French Bishop and The O'Donoghue of the Glens encouraging each other.

The peculiarity of all these attacks is that they are made on such trifling provocation. The Bishop offers us "peace"—he wishes to be friendly. But how have we hurt him or the Pope? Simply by expressing our opinion about him, and by maintaining the general doctrine that he and his subjects ought to be left to settle their own affairs in their own way. Surely this is as mild a form of enmity as can be imagined. It is a sort of enmity which the Bishop of Orleans and those who think with him are at perfect liberty to lavish upon us as long as ever they please. They think that we are horrible oppressors, hardened and malignant heretics, selfish, cruel, and many other things besides. We

* *The Papal Sovereignty: Viewed in its Relations to the Catholic Religion and to the Law of Europe.* Translated from the French of Monsignore Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company. 1860.

think that, if the Romans cannot get on with the Pope, they are perfectly right to turn him out, and that it is very hard that any one should interfere to prevent them from doing so. The Bishop seems to imply that, if we will suppress our opinions, he and his friends will suppress theirs. We have not the slightest wish that they should do so. We very safely defy our bitterest enemies to say anything more severe of us than we are in the habit of saying of each other; and though the expression of our opinion appears to gail them, the expression of theirs is just as indifferent to us as the noise of the wind in the Alps. This thickness of skin is one of the natural results of freedom, and we can only recommend the Bishop and his friends to imitate, and, if possible, to acquire it.

By far the greater part of the book refers, not to England, but to the condition of Rome, and the relation of the Papal temporal Sovereignty to the Roman Catholic world. The Bishop is an able advocate, and no one can be surprised to see that he has managed to extract from the various actions and professions of Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and the French Republic which authorized the occupation of Rome by the French troops in 1849, a considerable number of *argumenta ad homines* which are certainly very telling. If the Pope could be justified by proof that he has been treated with great treachery and gross insincerity by some of those who profess to be his friends, there can be no doubt that his justification would be complete. If it were much to the purpose to show that the French Republic acted on the principle of intervention in 1849, stronger evidence than the Bishop of Orleans adduces could not be required. But all this is beside the point. Mgr. Dupanloup states the question fairly enough. What he says is, that the temporal supremacy of the Pope in the Roman States is essential to the Catholic system; and that therefore the Catholic Powers ought to maintain it by force, even against the will of the Roman population, if it should become necessary to do so. The propositions as to the wants of the Catholic world and as to the duty of the Catholic Powers are perfectly independent. As to the first, Mgr. Dupanloup has a great deal to say. He argues, with considerable force, that there is a very close connexion between the temporal and the spiritual supremacy of the See of Rome. "If the Pope," he says, "is to direct the consciences of the whole Catholic world, he must do so in freedom;" and for this purpose it is highly convenient that he should occupy the position of a temporal Sovereign, as that is the only one in which he can be entirely independent of all external compulsion. The Pope has to correspond with a thousand Bishops or Vicars-Apostolic; he has to institute Bishops, to make Concordats, to superintend foreign missions, and to perform many other functions for which perfect independence of any external authority is necessary. This seems to us to be in the main quite true. No doubt it must be a matter of immense convenience to the Roman Catholic world that the Pope should be, and should remain, King of Rome. No doubt the loss of his temporal independence would be very likely to involve some, if not all, of the consequences which Mgr. Dupanloup points out. No one State would choose to receive orders in spiritual matters from a mere Bishop who was the subject of another State. It is hardly possible to imagine the Emperor of Austria negotiating a Concordat with a Spanish Bishop, or applying to, and taking directions from, a Sardinian subject when he was perhaps actually at war with the Sardinian Monarchy. There can be no doubt that if such a state of things existed it would produce a strong tendency to schism, or that there would be great reason to expect that, instead of forming a single body, the Roman Catholic Church would be divided into several distinct bodies under different heads.

All this, and more of the same kind, is probably true enough. The common assertion that the temporal and spiritual powers of the Pope are perfectly independent is either very superficial or altogether insincere. The real question is, what follows? It follows, says Mgr. Dupanloup, that the Catholic Powers ought to uphold the Pope's temporal power by force. It follows, we should say, that the Pope's spiritual power is exposed to very great danger by his mismanagement of his temporal affairs; and the general attitude of the Catholic Powers shows that they do not care enough about the Pope, either in a spiritual or a temporal point of view, to interfere between him and his subjects. As to the question whether France and Austria *ought* to keep up the Pope's temporal power, their duties must depend very much on their convictions; and every one who observes the matter coolly must see that they care very little about the theological bearings of the matter. In fact, nobody except the priests, and a very small minority of the Catholic population, cares much about the Pope or believes much in him. If France were now what it was in the time of the Crusades, and if Frenchmen in general really felt that the independence of the Pope was a matter of life and death to them, the question as to their duty in the matter of supporting him would fall within that most difficult and delicate class of questions which relate to the rights which one man's conscience gives him over the conduct of another. In point of fact, however, neither the French nor any other people do feel in this way. Whatever countenance their official language may afford to the taunts of Mgr. Dupanloup, they are very lukewarm Catholics, and, unless they saw some

political object to be gained by it, they would witness the downfall of the Pope's temporal power with the most philosophical indifference, even though it might involve the most serious dangers to his spiritual power. It seems to Protestants that there is just Catholic feeling enough in Roman Catholic countries to enable the clergy to taunt the laity with inconsistency in not doing more for the Pope, and to induce the laity to invent more or less plausible excuses for not acting upon an obligation which in reality they do not acknowledge. Our own course in the matter is perfectly clear. We never attempted to attack the Pope so long as he could hold his own, and we certainly have no reason for suppressing our satisfaction at his downfall. It is likely enough that the loss of his temporal power may greatly damage his spiritual power, but that is his affair. If he lost both the one and the other, it would be nothing to us. It certainly does look like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Pope's infallibility that he should not be able to govern a petty Italian kingdom; but there seems to be no help for it. His own advocates acknowledge that he cannot stand alone, whilst they maintain that he ought to be independent. How they propose to deal with this singular state of things is a question for them; and it is one of quite sufficient difficulty to explain, and perhaps excuse, a great deal of bad temper and violent language on their part. In the mean time, the position of their antagonists is as simple as their own is difficult. The Romans say that they will not be sacrificed to the religious convenience of the rest of the Roman Catholic world. The Roman Catholics in general appear to have made up their minds that, whether such conduct is or is not inconsistent with the religion which they profess, they will not stir in the matter except for political purposes. The Protestants look on, and the priests are reduced to cursing them all round—a process which may relieve the minds of the cursers, but will do very little towards establishing the Papal power. They are not the first people in the world who have experienced the difficulty of making an empty sack stand upright.

ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN.*

A LITTLE time back we noticed the materials for the Life of Bishop Walter of Merton, put forth by Bishop Hobhouse. We have at present before us an original life of another great prelate of a somewhat earlier time, now for the first time given to the world. Mr. Dimock has, with praiseworthy zeal, disinterred from their places in the Bodleian and the British Museum two MSS. of a Latin metrical life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, written in the generation immediately succeeding his own. As far as we can judge, who never saw the MSS., Mr. Dimock has discharged his duty as editor with great care, and he has added a very appropriate introduction and notes. The Latin Metrical Life is, of course, much like other Latin Metrical Lives, that is to say, utterly unreadable to any but professed antiquaries. But as it is, doubtless, only for professed antiquaries that Mr. Dimock publishes it, that is no sort of fault of his. Mediæval Latin poetry is far from being always unreadable. When the poet was content to write in what we may call his own language, that is, in that sort of Latin which was as familiar to him as his native French or English, and in that sort of metre which he thoroughly knew how to work, he was often very successful. But when he attempted classical diction and classical metres, he was sure to be very unsuccessful. Take, for instance, the Latin hymns in the Breviaries. Those in the eight syllable Iambic metre are often exquisitely beautiful—those which attempt *Alcaics* or *Sapphics* are simply detestable. The true mediæval Latin metre for longer poems is that one which sounds so like a tradition of the old Saturnian rhythm. Such a line as

Cujus jugum omnibus bonis est suavis

has not exactly the same cadence as

Dabant malum Metelli Nævio poetæ.

But they are evidently much more nearly akin to one another than either is to the Greek hexameter; and both, as Lord Macaulay observes of one of them, are clearly continued in the vernacular rhythm of

The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey.

When the mediæval poet was content to put forth his occasional thoughts in this and kindred metres, when he dashed off a panegyric on

Princeps terræ principum, Cæsar Fridericus;

or a benediction like

Vivat, vivat Rex Pippinus
In timore Domini;

or a dirge like

Vivo Ottone Tertio
Salus fuit populo;

or when he turned about into quite another vein and gave us

Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;

in all these cases he was working with tools which he knew how to handle, and he often handled them very well. The "mihi sit propositum" metre succeeds admirably both for grave and for

* *Metrical Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln*. Now first printed, from MS. Copies in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. T. F. Dimock, M.A. Lincoln. 1860.

ludicrous subjects. But mediæval hexameters will not do. They can only be saved from stupidity by becoming grotesque, that is, by assuming the leonine form. The double rhyme at least makes one laugh. There is no resisting

In Thomæ laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude;

or

En Rex Edwardus, debacchans ut leopardus,
Olim dum vixit populum Dei malefexit;

or

Laudibus immensis jubilet gens Exoniensis,
Et chorus et turbe, quod natus in hac fuit urbe;

or, above all,

Lætentur cæli quia Simon transit ab Ely,
Cujus in adventum flent in Kent millia centum,

which not only gives us a rhyme more than we asked for, but a statistical fact into the bargain.

But the non-rhyming mediæval hexameter is very poor stuff. It is best when it is simply prosaic. We have no particular fault to find with the record of William of Wykeham's good works:

Hunc docet esse pium fundatio Collegiorum;
Oxonie stat primum, Wintonieque secundum.

The facts, chronological and geographical, are indisputably true, and are told with perfect simplicity. But when the hexameter-maker gets on his stilts, and sets about imitating Virgil, it is quite another thing; he is hard to scan, hard to construe, and hardest of all to understand. So it is with our present life of St. Hugh. Mr. Dimock has evidently gone through it with something more than patience; it is plain that to him it has been a labour of love. It is well that there are people to whom such work is agreeable, for, of course every scrap of really contemporary, or nearly contemporary history is valuable, however repulsive may be the form in which it comes. To us, the life itself seems crabbed, affected, and wearisome. Had the poet condescended to write in one of the simpler metres, the result might perhaps have been different, but so great a subject as the life of St. Hugh of course required his highest flights. Still, even as it is, we can, with Mr. Dimock's help, pick out of it several important notices of a great and good man, and of the age in which he lived.

St. Hugh was raised to the See of Lincoln by the influence of King Henry II., in 1186. Like most of the bishops of that age, he was not an Englishman of any sort, neither "Anglo-Saxon" nor "Anglo-Norman." But he stands in marked contrast to most of the prelates promoted by the Angevin kings. Henry and his sons most commonly filled English sees, especially the greater ones, with natives of their French dominions, who served them in great secular offices, and who were in truth the instruments for keeping Englishmen of both races in submission to their Angevin master. Hugh was an absolute foreigner, and he was never employed in any secular office. It is evident that, when Henry sent for him to England to accept the government of his new monastery at Witham, and when he raised him from a Somersetshire priory to the episcopal throne of Lincoln, he could have had no motive but a sincere wish to do his duty by the promotion of the best man. He had found out his mistake in turning his Chancellor into an Archbishop, and he was ashamed to repeat such scandals as turning the bishopric into a mere commendam for his own bastard. He determined to promote a real saint, and he found one. But for an English saint he probably did not think of looking. St. Hugh was neither Englishman, Norman, nor Frenchman. He was a Burgundian, not, as we fancy some have supposed, a native of Ducal or French Burgundy, but of what his biographer carefully distinguishes as "Imperial Burgundia," that is, the old Burgundian kingdom. Hugh was born at or near Gratianopolis or Grenoble, and Hugh of Grenoble, Bishop of Lincoln, must be carefully distinguished from another St. Hugh of Grenoble and from another St. Hugh of Lincoln. One St. Hugh was Bishop of Grenoble in the preceding century; another St. Hugh—namely the Christian child killed by the Jews—was, or was said to be, martyred at Lincoln in the century following. The "general reader" will find something about all three in the pleasant pages of Mrs. Jameson. Our St. Hugh, then, was not a native subject of King Henry at all, nor even a vassal of King Henry's French suzerain, and, moreover, he had been a monk by profession and a saint in manners from somewhere about his tenth year. These two facts about him give him a totally different position from other contemporary Bishops. Hugh was not a courtier or a minister—he was a vigorous and rigid churchman, and could assert the rights of the Church against the Crown as fearlessly as St. Thomas of Canterbury himself. But the difference between the two men is instructive. No candid person will doubt for a moment the perfect sincerity of either. But the saintship of Thomas was assumed—that of Hugh came naturally to him. Thomas, on becoming an Archbishop, thought it his duty to become a strong churchman and a rigorous ascetic; Hugh never remembered being anything else. Hence, the churchmanship of Thomas had always a look of being something put on and out of place; that of Hugh sat perfectly naturally upon him. Therefore, while Hugh could, on occasion, resist Kings as manfully as Thomas, we find in him nothing of Thomas's pertinacious and systematic rivalry with the Royal power. Mr. Dimock has some good remarks on these two great ecclesiastical heroes of the twelfth century:—

Up to the time of the Reformation, no such Saint in the English calendar, with one exception, had his fame more widely spread, or received more

earnest reverence. The one exception is, of course, St. Thomas a Becket: with whom, however, Hugh of Lincoln has no cause to fear comparison. With fully as stern a resolution to defend the rights of the church against the encroachments of the state, in many other points the character of Hugh was a far finer one, and his consistent life more saint-like, than can ever be truly predicated of Becket. The greater renown of the great Canterbury saint is at once accounted for, by his greater sufferings in the cause of the church, his bloody grave, by the halo of glory shed around him by the crown of martyrdom. If Hugh escaped such sufferings, it was by force of his finer character, his better judgment and tact, his always consistent life; certainly, from no shirking of the battle, from no want of fearless daring in the day of conflict. And while, up to the present day, those causes of greater renown, in conjunction with his higher position, his prominence in courts, his connexion with worldly politics, have given Becket a forward niche in history, and made his name with many almost a household word, either of good or evil report, as our prejudices have led us; the more excellent Hugh, on the other hand, to whom no such earthly prominence attached—to whose unworldly simplicity, whether as monk or bishop, courts and politics were things, so far as possible, to be religiously eschewed—has been allowed to sleep in peace, forgotten almost, unnoted save in the brief annals of his church, unmentioned almost, save sometimes in his own cathedral city, or when some stranger has asked and borne away the name of the man, who built the holy and beautiful house of God that crowns the hill of Lincoln.

It is in this last character, as builder of a large part of the existing fabric of Lincoln Minster, that St. Hugh is likely to be most interesting at the present day. Of this great work the metrical life gives some curious particulars. It seems that the saint actually worked with his own hands—the use of the word "frequenter" evidently implies something much more than a mere ceremonial laying of the first stone:—

..... mirâ construit arto
Ecclesie cathedralis opus: quod in edificando
Non solum concecit opes, operamque suorum,
Sed proprii sudoris opem; lapidesque frequenter
Excisos fert in calathâ, calcemque tenacem.
Debilitas claudi, baculis suffulta duobus,
Illius officium calathi sortitur, inesse
Omen ei credens; successivque duorum
Indignatur opem baculorum. Rectificatque
Curvam, quæ rectos solet incurvare diæta.

Here we get one of those miraculous stories which are sure to perplex us in the hagiology of those times. As far as we can make out from the crabbed Latin of the poem, a lame man who only walked with two sticks, after using "the hod, or whatever it was," as Mr. Dimock prudently puts it, which Hugh had used, had no occasion to use his sticks any more. Like several other miracles in the story, it may be merely a fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. One would always accept any interpretation, if possible, rather than impute conscious lying. It is not often that we can trace the history of a miraculous story. Happily, the various independent lives of Thomas of Canterbury supply us with an instance which, if we could apply the same test, would doubtless be found typical of many others. Thomas, when a lad, fell into a mill-stream, and was drawn near the wheel. At that moment the miller, wholly ignorant of what had happened, stopped his wheel. Such is the tale as told by Garnier and Roger of Pontigny—a tale of a remarkable, and what is called "providential" escape from danger, but containing nothing impossible or miraculous. But it is easy to see how, by the mere progress from mouth to mouth, without any deliberate invention, this story might grow into the miraculous tale which we find in Edward Grim, according to which the wheel stopped of itself.

A curious picture of the times is given when we find that, when a Bishop chanced to pass by anywhere, people used to run out with children for him to confirm them and there. It is mentioned as a mark of St. Hugh's special piety that, on such occasions, he always got off his horse:—

Descenditque pedes. Sic scilicet obligat illum
Summa ministerii reverentia pontificalis,
Ut nullum confirmet eques; sed, ut aptius ipsi
Assurgat capiti, vult condescendere membris.
Et pedes expectans puerum, chrismale præpat,
Assumitque stolam.

Of his hero's general character, as summed up by a contemporary, Mr. Dimock remarks:—

And still, he was stern and harsh. Such, no doubt, by nature, he had received no training at all likely to soften innate austerity. . . . But yet, enough has appeared to show, that he was far from being the sour ascetic, that might at first sight have well been imagined; and to prepare us for the following portrait, drawn by one who knew him well, the historian Giraldus Cambrensis—a portrait, the very reverse, in some features, from what we might naturally have looked for, in a man such by nature and so educated. Giraldus contrasts him with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury: both good and holy men, he says, but after a vastly different fashion. "Abp. Baldwin was slow and sparing of speech, Bp. Hugh full of talk and pleasantry and fun; the one sad always and timorous, the other joyous ever in merriment of heart, and fearlessness of mind; the one a Diogenes, the other a Democritus; the one slow to anger, as to almost everything, the other easily moved; Abp. Baldwin was gentle, lukewarm, and remiss; Bp. Hugh was harsh, hot-tempered, and rigid." It is not easy, perhaps, to fancy the stern Carthusian monk thus ready for talk, and jokes, and joyousness: and yet, after all, in this union of grave and gay, no very discordant elements are blended: there needed but strong natural high spirits, and then, hard straight-forward honesty of purpose, a righteous resolve to do what was right at all hazards, might well be associated, as the best steps to a conscience void of offence, with a joyous merriment of heart that knew not how to be repressed, and which even the long strict seclusion of a Carthusian cell had been unable to subdue.

In conclusion, we have to repeat our thanks to Mr. Dimock for this little contribution to our ecclesiastical history. It tempts us to ask of him, as of many others, why he is not enlisted under the Master of the Rolls instead of some who are?

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—VOL. III.*

THE principal purpose for which we have used Sir Edward Cust's volumes has been to revive the memory of the services of British fleets and armies. But we cannot enter on the period of the Seven Years' War without rendering homage to the genius and fortitude of the King of Prussia. It is true that the reputation of this monarch may be safely left to Mr. Carlyle's care; and it is also true that, after all the heroic resistance which he offered to a host of enemies, our admiration for the King of Prussia is largely tempered by dislike. Yet, as we trace the progress of this war, and see the resources of a small and exhausted country still holding the balance equal with the power of combined Europe, we feel that the chief actor in this marvellous spectacle has been well called Frederick the Great.

It was always the object of the King of Prussia to keep the war out of his own dominions. His ally the King of England might be trusted to do his utmost to defend Hanover, so that on the west Prussia was tolerably secure against France. His own first act in 1756 was to enter Saxony, and he burst directly afterwards into Bohemia. He had torn Silesia from the Empress-Queen in the previous war, and he now clung to it with invincible tenacity. These three unhappy provinces became the theatre of conflict between the King and the ablest of his opponents, Marshal Daun; and thus, towards the south, Brandenburg was generally sheltered from the waste of war. But on the east, that most terrible of scourges, a Russian army, impossible in action and unpitying in its ravages, often advanced within fifty miles of Berlin. From the north also came the fear of the same barbarians; and on the same side another enemy, the Swedes, likewise threatened the unhappy Prussians. Before we enter on the chief scenes of the Seven Years' War, which are treated in Sir Edward Cust's third volume, let us look at the position of the King of Prussia when he fought and failed to win the battle of Kunersdorf, and seemed to be left by his defeat at the lowest ebb of fortune. The plan of his enemies had been the simple one of pushing him on all sides with superior force. The Russians were to advance from the east upon Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where they were to be joined by an Austrian corps. The main Austrian army was ready in Bohemia on the south. The army of the Empire was to threaten Dresden on the south-west. On the west the French and their German allies strove by superior numbers to overcome the skilful tactics of Prince Ferdinand and the valour of the British and Hanoverian troops who served under him. The Russians began their march from Posen towards Frankfort. The Prussian General, Wedel, with a very inferior force, attacked them in a strong position near Palzig, hoping to repel them from the Oder, and suffered a severe defeat. It was part of the new system of the King of Prussia to demand from his lieutenants that they should encounter the most tremendous risks, and to bring them too frequently to an unjustly severe account for failure. The King was at this time in Silesia face to face with Marshal Daun. His brother, Prince Henry, was in Saxony with an army which was now called from west to east to make head against the Russians. The King travelled northward with only an escort of hussars, to take command of this army and the remains of Wedel's force, and hoped by his personal presence to compensate for numerical inferiority. He had only 43,000 troops to oppose to 60,000, entrenched in a strong position, and defended by a powerful artillery. "Nevertheless it became absolutely necessary for him to fight. Detachments from Daun's army already threatened Berlin. Saxony, which was now exposed, had become a prey to the Imperialist army. The Austrians were actually encamped in Silesia, the very country of his desire." His difficulties were such that rashness could hardly dictate anything that might not be deemed prudence. One thing alone cheered him—the account of the battle of Minden, which had been fought on the 1st of August, 1759. On the 12th of the same month he made what seemed the last cast of the die at Kunersdorf. The battle began before eleven o'clock, and raged all day. At six in the evening the Prussians had taken 180 pieces of cannon, and their victory appeared decisive. The King sent to Berlin to announce his triumph. But the enemy now made that use of their superior numbers which they should have made at first. The strength of the Prussian infantry was exhausted by fighting a long summer's day. Their cavalry, under the renowned Seydlitz, "the most accomplished cavalry officer that ever drew bridle," was hindered by the ground from acting with effect. Seydlitz was wounded. In vain the King risked his life. The exhausted troops could do no more. A retreat was ordered, and the victory was turned into a defeat. The capital was within fifty miles, and the King had not 5000 troops around him. His army had lost in these two battles 30,000 men. But the Russians also suffered so severely that their general, Soltikow, wrote to the Empress that if he gained such another victory he should have to bring the news of it himself.

Strange to say, the enemy remained after the battle irresolute and inactive, until the King, by astonishing efforts, had prepared himself to make head against them, and was now able to send off a corps to Dresden. Differences broke out between the confederates. The Russians were without provisions, and the

Austrians could furnish none. When Soltikow was offered a subsidy instead, he answered, "My soldiers cannot eat gold;" and when urged by Daun to advance, "I have already gained two battles," said he, "and I now wait to hear of your having gained two." However, Daun was advancing from Silesia upon Berlin. The danger on this side was averted by the activity of Prince Henry, who fell upon Daun's line of communication with Bohemia, and obliged him to retrace his steps. The Prince then marched into Saxony, and Daun deemed it necessary to follow him. Towards the end of October the Russian army retreated towards Poland. Thus, by rapidity of movement, and the concentration of authority in a single hand, the disaster of Kunersdorf was remedied, and the delays and divided councils of the Allies deprived them of any substantial result from victory. Yet this campaign did not close without another heavy calamity to the Prussians, for which the King was himself to blame. He was now in Saxony, and anxious to force Daun out of the country before the winter should set in. With this object, he placed General Finck in Daun's rear, so as to interrupt his communication with Bohemia. If Finck could have maintained himself, Daun would have had no choice but to retreat. But Finck was exposed to attack by Daun's whole army. This he submitted to the King, who answered that he disliked to hear of difficulties. Then Finck proposed to extend the position held by him. The King ordered him to keep his force together. Daun made arrangements to seize the opportunity thus offered, with his usual caution and completeness. After some hard fighting and struggling through frost and snow, 15,000 Prussians were compelled to lay down their arms. Having lost an army by his own recklessness, the King proceeded to punish the unfortunate commander who had failed to perform an impossibility. Finck was imprisoned and dismissed the service. He had risen entirely by merit, and had been called a second Turenne for his conduct after Kunersdorf, within three months of his disgrace. He is said to have died of grief. In this and many similar cases Frederick showed himself totally deficient alike in justice and generosity. Even if he had been himself invariably successful, he would have had no right to demand infallibility of his deputies. But he suffered many great reverses, and some of them were due to his own obstinacy and arrogance. To admire Frederick, we must look at him before a superior enemy. After the surrender of Finck's army, it might have been expected that he would relinquish Saxony. But he resolutely made front against Daun, and kept possession of almost the whole electorate. On Christmas Day, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick brought the King a reinforcement, which Prince Ferdinand had been able to send to him in consequence of the successes which followed the victory of Minden. Thus, after three great reverses, the campaign closed brilliantly. The Russians on one side, and the French on the other, had been forced back, and the grasp of Frederick was unrelaxed on Saxony and Silesia.

Sir Edward Cust's third volume opens with the campaign of 1760. The confederates hoped to subdue the King through the impossibility of his getting recruits to replace his recent losses. But the footing which he kept beyond his own dominions enabled him to raise men as well as money; and when he got men, from whatever country, he taught them that fighting was a great deal safer than running away. He was wonderfully skilful, too, in screwing money out of the districts of which he held possession, and the unhappy Saxons paid to the last dollar for their own conquest. Moreover, as long as Mr. Pitt was Minister, the King could also look to the deep British purse for subsidies. The British nation admired Frederick's indomitable pluck. Partly from the love of fighting, and partly from the love of the Protestant religion, of which Voltaire's disciple had the good luck to be regarded as the champion, the British nation paid the bills for the bloody German battles with patience, and sometimes with pride. The national debt grew enormously; but on the other hand, Wolfe in North America, and Clive and Coote in the East Indies, had proved themselves able generals, while the British contingent under the Marquis of Granby were Prince Ferdinand's bravest and most active and hardy soldiers. This Prince opened the campaign with 90,000 troops against 130,000. The King of Prussia had only the same number to oppose to 280,000 enemies. But he was within, and his assailants all round the circle; so that he might hope, by that celerity which he had taught his army, to bring a competent force under his own command wherever the pressure became severe. His greatest weakness lay in the rawness of the troops who now replaced his slaughtered veterans, and in the want of experienced officers, whose posts, void through death, wounds, captivity, or disgrace, were filled by the promotion of mere boys. Thus, even more than in previous years, did the King stand alone against combined Europe.

In the spring of 1760 the King was still watching Daun in Saxony. Prince Henry was marching against the Russians. In Silesia there was absolutely no Prussian army except 10,000 men with whom General Fouquet held a very dangerous position at Landshut. He retreated thence to Breslau, but was ordered by the King to return. His apprehensions were justified by the defeat and destruction of his whole force by an army of thirty thousand Austrians. In this instance the King did not visit inevitable failure by punishment. The next misfortune was the surrender of Glatz, by which all Silesia was laid open. In the

* *Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century.* Compiled from the most authentic Histories of the Period. By the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Colonel of the 16th (Queen's) Lancers. Vol. III. 1760—1783. London: Mitchell's Military Library. 1859.

midst of his agitation at the news of Fouquet's defeat, the King conceived one of his finest strokes. He began to march from Saxony towards Silesia, and drew Daun after him. Then he turned and marched rapidly back to besiege Dresden, for which he had thus gained eight clear days. But Daun returned in time to save the place. It was now announced that the Russians were threatening Silesia, and the King made an astonishing march thither, followed, of course, by the ever-watchful Daun. That general joined Loudon, and the two manœuvred to surround and overwhelm the King. He contrived, however, to engage Loudon separately, having about one third his numbers, and gave him a severe defeat, the news of which sent the Russians back across the Oder. Thus Silesia was saved, but the Prussians lost for a time all Saxony. And now the Russians marched upon Berlin, and captured it. The King hastened from Silesia, and they abandoned their conquest after four days. But they left deep traces of their occupation. Having relieved his capital, the King marched into Saxony, where he was determined to regain a footing. Daun, however, was close at hand. He occupied, with 64,000 men, a position of great strength at Torgau, on the Elbe, and here the King, who had got together 44,000 men, was forced, as the least of evils, to run the desperate hazard of attacking him. It was now the beginning of November. The Russians were preparing to advance again, and take up their winter quarters in Brandenburg. The King had no place to winter in but his own territories, already wasted by invasion. Without the means of recruiting his army, he might be crushed in a corner by the combined forces of his many enemies. In this extremity, and knowing that he could not draw the cautious Daun to an attack, he determined to storm his camp. He said to his generals, "If we are beaten we shall all perish, and I the first; but I am tired of this war, and so must you be." He ordered General Ziethen to attack the Austrian position in front, while he made himself a considerable circuit to assail their rear. Both attacks were pressed throughout the day with all the energy of despair. It was, indeed, the very last slender chance of saving Prussia. But both attacks failed completely, after the fruitless slaughter of troops which could not be replaced. Neither skill nor valour could do more, but in this, his darkest hour, the King had a surprising stroke of fortune. Marshal Daun was badly wounded and carried off the field, and, in his absence, the complete victory which he had announced to the Empress-Queen was lost through a piece of negligence which, so long as he commanded, was impossible. In the darkness Ziethen found a dyke between two ponds which the Austrians had left unguarded. He marched across this dyke and seized the heights mounted with cannon, in the very centre of the Austrian position, which the King had striven in vain to carry. The King's troops advanced and met those of Ziethen on the heights. Then all was confusion among the Austrians. Their victory was turned into a defeat. They abandoned the whole position, and retreated hurriedly along the Elbe to Dresden. Thus the King's affairs were restored to the point at which they stood when this wonderful campaign began. He again held all Saxony, except the capital. Loudon retreated from Silesia, and the news of the battle of Torgau also sent the Swedes and Russians back within their respective frontiers.

OKELY'S CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY.*

THE fair promise of Mr. Okely's title is scarcely redeemed by the performance. A cursory examination of his pages, studded as they seem to be with the results of careful personal observations of Italian churches, excites expectations in the reader's mind which are not fulfilled upon further acquaintance. This arises neither from want of materials nor from lack of power to explain his meaning perspicuously, but from the unfortunate adoption of a useless theory. Mr. Okely has made the best possible use of his opportunities as a Cambridge Travelling Bachelor. It is evident that he has thoroughly studied in his three years' tour the architecture of Northern and Central Italy, though he does not seem to have visited the southern part of the peninsula or Sicily. And the fact that he was obliged, by the conditions of the office which he held, to lay the substance of this treatise before the University in the form of Latin letters, has probably contributed to the condensation of his matter and the lucidity of his style. But we believe that this book will be altogether unprofitable, owing to the hypothesis of the author, that all ecclesiastical architecture in Italy from the fourth century to the fifteenth admits of accurate systematic classification as a continuous and formal development. Of course, no one denies that, as a matter of fact, religious architecture in Italy, as elsewhere, grew out of the early Basilican style in which the first churches were built. And nothing can exceed the interest of the historical inquiry into the various phases of this growth, as modified by geographical, or political, or any other agencies. Mr. Okely might have traced the chronological succession of the principal Italian architectural types with great advantage; and it is very probable that in this way he might have arrived at some important discoveries, both in the æsthetic and the practical aspects of the art. But he has, unfortunately, as it seems to us, reversed the process. He has compared and classified his materials irrespectively of chronology, and attempts to construct from them,

by an analytical method, a law of strict architectural development. We think that, by attempting to prove too much, the ingenious author fails to convince his readers of many results of his inquiries which may be in themselves both new and true.

He tells us frankly in his preface that when he first became acquainted with Italian architecture, the number of styles which met him on every side made him despair of being able to reduce them to a system of classification. But afterwards he found that their "mechanical and decorative peculiarities gradually formed themselves into a morphological order, in which any one phase seemed naturally to grow out of that which preceded." This development, he further asserts, when tested by an appeal to the actual dates of the buildings themselves, was generally confirmed as chronologically true. Most unfortunately, Mr. Okely has not enabled us to judge for ourselves of the certainty of this conclusion, for his dates are but sparingly adduced, and there is no syllabus or index of buildings to aid the inquirer. We are the less able to accept Mr. Okely's theory, because we know by experience how hard it is to establish the exact succession and development of architectural forms even within the comparatively narrow limits of the three styles of English Pointed. The exceptions to the general rules become infinite in number when one endeavours to apply the chronology of one national variety of Gothic to that of another country. Now, Mr. Okely's scheme ranges over no less a period than nine centuries, and has to take account of the infinite disturbing elements of the agitated political life of mediæval Italy. We cannot think that he has proved his point, and can only regret that in the pursuit of a phantom he has rendered almost useless his vast store of accumulated architectural facts.

Descriptions of buildings are seldom very intelligible, even if they are illustrated by explanatory drawings. Mr. Okely does not, indeed, dispense with pictorial aid, but his designs are of the most meagre and sketchy kind—mere outlines, without names or explanations, denuded of nearly all detail, and not drawn to scale. We admit that they are cleverly enough arranged, so as to illustrate his morphological theory, but in themselves they are sufficiently unattractive. It seems to us to be the very pedantry of classification to divide churches, as Mr. Okely does in this treatise, under six heads, distinguished by capital letters, the subdivisions being marked by small type. This may do very well for the exact natural sciences, but is quite out of place in a fine art like architecture. It is not worth the labour of learning, for example, that *B b* means a church "in which the supports of the partition walls are simple piers, having a circular or polygonal right section, or compound piers having cylindrical trunks," differentiated by the circumstance that "the simple piers support longitudinal arches of arcs less than semicircles." But—supposing that any one has mastered this, and has contrived to connect with these abstract symbols certain types of church construction, so as to be able to understand a discussion which looks at first sight like a page borrowed from a mathematical treatise—how distracting it is to find in a further chapter that, as applied to the classification of façades, *B b* means "a façade ornamented chiefly by archiolated panels," "in which, in place of columnettes, we find ribbon-pilasters!" And yet again, in a later chapter, *B b* stands for "a tower possessing decorations in the form of archiolated panels," "in which string-courses are dropt, the only horizontal lines which remain arising from the divisions of the panels." It is no wonder that this affectation of a scientific classification robs Mr. Okely's pages as well of instruction as of amusement.

We will try, however, to extract from the book before us some of the information which lies buried in its pages. We remark that Mr. Okely confirms other observers in asserting that the change in the architecture of the Renaissance consisted in the revival of Classical decorations, and not in the re-adoption of the Classical principle of construction. He follows Dr. Whewell as to the differences between the Gothic and Classic methods of design, summing them all up in the formula, first stated by Rickman, that the essence of Gothic lies in this fundamental principle—"that every artifice of construction must be displayed." Mr. Okely lays down the antagonistic principle—"that every artifice of construction must be concealed"—as the ruling law of Classical architecture. Consistently with this view, but rather in contradiction of the general language upon the subject, Mr. Okely argues that "the Gothic principle" had already introduced itself in the very earliest Basilican architecture, in which the entablature had partially disappeared. He might have said the same of Diocletian's palace at Spalatro. Not, however, that the Gothic principle, in this writer's opinion, ever worked itself free in Italy; so that he proposes the term "Gothesque" for Italian Pointed, as bearing the same relation to the pure Gothic of the North that Romanesque bears to Roman architecture. But it may be mentioned, as another proof of the impossibility of making any very strict scientific classification in this art, that Mr. Okely himself is compelled to admit that, as to one of Dr. Whewell's canons—viz., "that the running and dominant lines are vertical"—the latest Italian Gothic carries it out more decidedly than any of the Northern styles.

The broadest and most general view of Italian ecclesiastical architecture, according to Mr. Okely, is that it began in Rome early in the fourth century, being formed on the models, and generally out of the ruins, of the existing Basilicas. The first development from this style is best seen in the churches built at Ravenna, at the beginning of the following century. About the eighth century arose the Romanesque of Pavia and Monza, and

* *Development of Christian Architecture in Italy.* By W. Sebastian Okely, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, late Travelling Bachelor of the University. London: Longmans. 1860.

two hundred years later that of Pisa. Venice—in this writer's opinion—borrowed two styles of Gothic, one from Ravenna, and the other from Monza. Bergamo and Gubbio had a distinct variety in common. The Byzantine, derived originally from the Roman Basilican style, reacted upon Italy in Venice, and thence in Padua, while Norman and French Gothic influenced the style of Naples, and Spanish architecture left its traces on the south-west coast of the Peninsula. This may be all true enough, but it may be questioned whether it is not trifling to go into still more minute details, and to pretend to find, for example, "a Pisan, a Pavan, and perhaps also a Byzantine influence" in the façade of Ferrara. However, these speculations seem to us far more valuable than Mr. Okely's subsequent attempts to discover a strict morphological science in the architecture of Italy viewed as a whole, and without reference to the progress of architecture in other parts of the world. Beginning with Basilican churches, Mr. Okely notices and classifies the remains of that age in Rome, Ravenna, Lucca, Venice, and Verona. This is, perhaps, the most instructive chapter in the book. Several churches are mentioned as of Basilican date in Venice which are not generally known, such as S. Nicolo and S. Eufemia. It is much to be regretted that we have no descriptions of these buildings, though their names occur in the list, together with those of the famous churches in Murano and Torcello. Another Venetian church, S. Jacopo, near the Rialto, is, indeed, noticed as having a hemispherical dome, like that of S. Fosca, Torcello, with a ground plan like that of S. Satiro, Milan, and as having been erected in the year 421. Of this we confess that we should like to have further particulars, in the absence of which we fear that we must remain rather sceptical. The introduction of rectangular piers in the place of columns, for the support of the internal arcades, is asserted to mark the first great development from the earliest Basilican style. This led to the use of transverse arches, whether for wooden roofs or for vaults of stone, and also modified the triforium by providing two planes for decoration. The rectangular pier soon became a compound pier, as the shafts necessary for the vaulting were added to the faces of the original rectangular block. It is the internal arcade, as the leading anatomical structure of a building, which Mr. Okely takes as his first basis of morphological classification. But it is obvious that the aisleless churches, whether circles, octagons, or rectangles, are altogether external to this system; and yet such churches, whether for baptisteries or tombs, are very common in Italy. However, Mr. Okely discerns, in the successive modifications of the internal arcade, not only the triumph of the principle of a visible construction, but a gradual victory of the vertical members of the design over those which are horizontal.

The earliest Pointed arches in Italy are incidentally stated by this author to be those in the three-aisled Basilican church of S. Restituta, in Naples, dated from the year 620. He also argues that the Pointed arches in S. M. della Pieve, at Arezzo, are of the ninth rather than of the thirteenth century. Assuming these very early dates to be true, we may observe that it shows how useless his classification is as a means of determining the comparative age of a building. In fact, architectural changes so overlap each other, in Italy even more than elsewhere, that it is never safe to pronounce as to the age of a building without some documentary evidence. A late dispute among some of our own archaeologists about the date of the nave of Waltham Abbey may be adduced as a case in point.

Mr. Okely proceeds to divide the west façades and the towers of Italy in the same way as he has classified the internal arcades. We think that he is still less successful here than in the first section of his treatise. There is something to be said in favour of applying to architectural design the laws of comparative anatomy; but no such constructive principle can be discovered for campaniles or façades. We hasten, therefore, to Mr. Okely's conclusion, in which he repeats his belief that the architecture of Italy developed "not first this way and then that, as if through the capricious ingenuity of individuals, but regularly under the guidance of the universal principle 'That every artifice of the construction must be displayed.'" We do not think that he has proved his thesis; and we feel that, even granting it to be true so far as regards the development of Italian architecture viewed as a whole, this theory of strict classification is practically useless as a guide to the ascertainment of the age of a particular building. Mr. Okely deserves, indeed, our best acknowledgments for his endeavour to reduce the architecture of mediæval Italy to a strict science; but we are more than ever convinced, after reading his treatise, that in his devotion to what he calls "morphology," he has not paid sufficient attention to the ground plan, or the ritual requirements of churches, and still less to the historical and æsthetic aspects of the subject. We wish heartily that he had given us the results of his investigations in another form. Nothing would be more useful, for example, than an illustrated description of the less known mediæval churches of Italy, with documentary evidence (if attainable) of their history. Such a book would prove, we believe, that the progress of the art was in the highest degree fitful and irregular, as affected by local circumstances. It is possible, indeed, that some guiding principle might be found to run more or less through the whole course. But the discovery of such a principle would be more curious than practically useful. It is a vain attempt to treat architecture like a branch of natural history. There may be some, who would not exchange their

delight in the colour and grace and fragrance of a flower for a scientific knowledge of its name and class in botanical classification. But who would not lose immensely by learning to associate such a treasury of human art and faith and historical interest as St. Mark's of Venice, for example, with Mr. Okely's triple set of incoherent abstract symbols, denoting respectively the piers and façade and campanile of that wondrous church?

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FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—Particulars of Investments for LARGE or SMALL SUMS of MONEY, bearing FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM INTEREST (well secured), withdrawal at notice, may be obtained, on application to THOMAS H. BAYLIS, 49, Strand, London.

MONEY ADVANCED to Noblemen, Clergymen, Officers in either Service, Heirs to Entailed Estates, on their notes of hand, or on reversionsary, freehold, leasehold, life interests, annuities, policies, and other property.—Apply to A. R. St. Colshire-street, St. James's, London, S.W.

COALS.—BEST COALS ONLY.—COCKERELL and Co.'s price is now 27s. per ton cash, for the BEST SCREENED COALS, as supplied by them to her Majesty.—13, Cornhill, E.C.; Purfleet Wharf, East-street, Blackfriars, E.C.; Eton Wharf, Grosvenor-place, Finsbury, S.W.; and Sunderland Wharf, Peckham, S.E.

BANK OF DEPOSIT (ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844),
3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.—CAPITAL STOCK, £100,000.
Parties desirous of investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.
Deposits made by special agreement may be withdrawn without notice.
The interest is payable in January and July.
Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

UNITY JOINT STOCK BANK.
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1855.
Offices: 10, CANNON-STREET, CITY; 1, NEW COVENTRY-STREET, HAYMARKET.
Current Accounts opened with parties respectively introduced, and interest allowed upon the balances.
Amounts of £5 and upwards received on Deposit, and interest allowed thereon, at the undermentioned rates:—
£3 per cent. if repayable on demand.
£4 per cent. if deposited subject to thirty days' notice of withdrawal.
Money also received on Deposit for fixed periods, at rates to be agreed upon.

J. J. MECHI, Chairman.
J. W. TERRY, General Manager.
GLOBE INSURANCE,
CORNHILL AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.
Established 1803.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN, Esq., Chairman.
SHEFFIELD NEAVE, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P., Treasurer.

The following Resolution of the Board relating to "Days of Grace" was extensively published early in 1856:—

"That as regards the Renewal of ANNUAL FIRE POLICIES, the conditions attached to GLOBE FIRE POLICIES do already provide, that all persons desirous of continuing their Annual Fire Policies should be prepared to pay the premium of the Renewal Premium, AND THAT DURING THOSE FIFTEEN DAYS THE POLICY IS OF FULL FORCE AND VIRTUE."

The progress of the FIRE BUSINESS of the *Globe* is indicated by the following amounts of Fire Insurance Duty (at the fixed rate of 3s. per cent.) paid to Government by the *Globe*, in 1851, '52, and '53:—

Year.	Great Britain.	Ireland.	Total.
1851	£38,515	£2,250	£40,765
'52	30,085	1,613	31,698
'53	30,554	5,290	35,844

Being an advance of (say) TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. in Nine Years.
The CASH PAYMENT under the Division of PROFITS recently declared on GLOBE PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICIES is equal at most ages to considerably more than a WHOLE YEAR'S PREMIUM on Policies of SIX YEARS' standing.
No charge for Volunteer Ride or Militia Service within the United Kingdom.
All kinds of ANNUITY business transacted.

By Order of the Board,
WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
FINAL NOTICE.
BONUS YEAR.

SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.
All Policies effected before 5th November next will participate in the Division of Profits to be made as at that date, and secure a Year's Additional Bonus over later entrants at subsequent Divisions.

The Standard was established in 1825.

The First Division of Profits took place in 1825; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855.

The Profits to be divided in 1856 will be those which have accumulated since 1855.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,684,598 2 10
ANNUAL REVENUE 289,231 13 5

The New Assurances effected during the last ten years alone amount to upwards of FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.
H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

The Company's Medical Officer attends at the London Office daily at Half-past One.
LONDON 25, KING WILLIAM STREET.
EDINBURGH 5, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).
DUBLIN 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.
CHIEF OFFICE—LIVERPOOL.
LONDON OFFICE—2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.
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LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Life Assurance in every branch.
SPECIAL FEATURE.—Non-forfeiture of Policies. The insurer has the right, on an ordinary Life Policy, after three years, to cease his payments, and obtain a Free Policy, for the total amount of premiums paid, and whatever bonus may have been added.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The rates of premium vary according to the nature of the risk, and will be found as moderate as those of other first-class offices.
Applications for agencies requested.

W. P. CLIBBROUGH, Manager.
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PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED IN 1770.
70, LOMBARD-STREET, CITY; AND 57, CHARING-CROSS, WESTMINSTER.

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This Company offers COMPLETE SECURITY.
MODERATE RATES of Premium with Participation in Four-fifths or Eighty per Cent. of the Profits.
LOW RATES without Participation in Profits.

LOANS in connection with Life Assurance, on approved Security, in sums of not less than £500.

BONUS OF 1861.
ALL POLICIES effected prior to the 1st of July, 1861, on the Bonus Scale of Premium, will participate in the next Division of Profits.

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary and Actuary.

THE NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
1, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.
DAYS OF GRACE.—In cases of Annual Insurance the liability of the Company continues in force during the Fifteen Days allowed for the renewal of the Policy, and the Company is bound to accept payment of the Premium, although the insured property should meanwhile have been destroyed. In Foreign Insurances the Company is equally bound to accept the Premium, if instructions to renew have been despatched from the place where the property is situated within Fifteen Days from the date when the Policy falls due. See each referred to in "Times" City Article, 18th October, 1860.

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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, prescribed by the most Eminent Medical Men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most efficacious remedy for
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Extensive experience, and the recorded testimony of numberless eminent medical practitioners, prove that a half-pint of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is far more efficacious than a quart of any other kind. Hence as it is incomparably the best, so it is likewise unquestionably the cheapest.

Palatableness, speedy efficacy, safety, and economy unitedly recommend this unrivalled preparation to invalids. No other Oil can possibly produce the same beneficial results.

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3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long	£3 5 0
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12 Table Spoons 0s. 7 11 0
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12 Dessert Spoons 0s. 7 11 0
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1 Soup Ladle 0s. 7 11 0
1 Fish Slice 0s. 7 11 0
1 Salt Spoon, gilt bowl 0s. 7 11 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl 0s. 7 11 0
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1 Soup Ladle 0s. 7 11 0
1 Fish Slice 0s. 7 11 0
1 Salt Spoon, gilt bowl 0s. 7 11 0
1 Mustard Spoon, ditto 0s. 7 11 0
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New Patent, five octaves, from CC, double pedals	6
With one stop, oak case	10
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